

Prof. T. Bayard Featty

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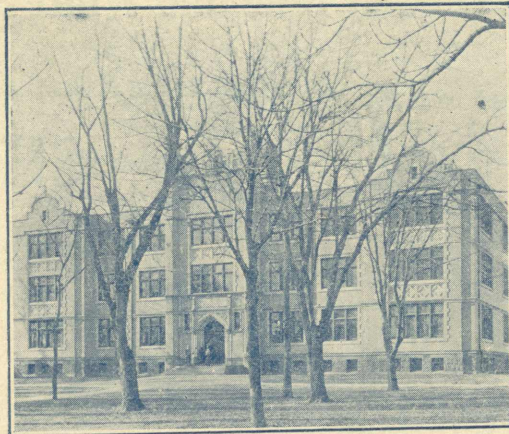
Annville, Pa.

THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

OCTOBER 5, 1921

ANNVILLE, PA.



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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

ANNVILLE, PA.

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A Gateway—Electrical

ONLY a forty-foot gateway bounded by two brick pilasters and ornamental lamps, but it is unlike any other gateway in the entire world.

For back of it is the General Electric Company's main office building, accommodating 2300 employees. And just next door is its main laboratory with the best equipment for testing, standardizing and research at the command of capable engineers. Then down the street a mile long—are other buildings where electrical products are made by the thousands of electrical workers who daily stream through.

Through this gate messages and representatives from a score of other factories and over fifty branch offices come and go every hour—an endless chain of coordinated activities carrying on and enlarging the scope of over a quarter century's work for the betterment of mankind.

What a story this gate would tell, if it could, of the leaders of the electrical industry and of ambassadors from other industries and institutions—and from foreign lands. The story would be the history of electric lighting, electric transportation, electrified industrials and electricity in the home.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N. Y.

Editorial Page

The Crucible

COLLEGE SPIRIT

The war wasn't won by the soldiers alone. The war wasn't won by big guns and ammunition and food and fortifications and organization alone. The brains of the big generals were mighty factors and the brawn and courage of the men in the trenches carried into effect the plans of the super men of the war. We give much credit to these because credit here is deserving. But back of it all was the spirit of the people who sent the boys who fired the guns at the command of the super-men of war. Many a dad made a hero out of his son when he bade him farewell with a slap on his back and told him to fight like a real man. Sergeant York was thinking of his mother and father back in the Kentucky hills when he captured a German squad. The boys crawled over the top and bounded to their feet with the knowledge that the world was "pulling" for them to bring home the bacon and beans.

The war did many things beside make several thousand millionaires, create scores of Bergdolls and mold heroes of the Roman type. It brought into being new words. One of them that applies to our subject is morale—and Marshall Foch said that the morale of the people at home who sent their boys to roam in other lands was responsible for the winning of the war. We are convinced that this word morale is far from insignificant, then.

To localize a bit, the success of Lebanon Valley College depends upon YOUR morale, your spirit. We have big guns on the faculty, men who have ability of leadership and organization, ammunition in the shape of financial backing is becoming more and more extensive—in fact there is but one thing which can hinder Lebanon Valley in its grand forward march, and that is YOU. Paradoxical as it may seem, there is only one thing which can boost Lebanon Valley on its road to success, and that is YOU. Which of the fellows are

you going to be? We are not trying to convince you now that you have a double personality parallel to Jekyll and Hyde, but your own state of mind shall determine the future of Lebanon Valley College.

It is an old tune to the old students but it is worth singing to the new. Repetition is the great producer of impression. The national advertisers know this and so they repeat the same old slogan thousands of times anywhere and everywhere over this land of ours. So we are going to adopt the same plan of advertising college spirit—morale—and we want to sell you some safe stock in L. V. morale, rate of interest depending upon the state of mind of the buyer. There is no capital required and you can have just as much as you can carry around with you varying with your capacity to boost. The sale started last Wednesday in the opening exercises in chapel and we were pleased with YOU. The stock is not yet sold out, although you did buy heavily and we want you to buy more. Will you?

Which personality are you going to assume? Which YOU will YOU be? Lebanon Valley awaits the answer—from your heart!

The Editor

It fills one with pride to know that there are men on our faculty who serve Lebanon Valley from motives outside of finance. There have come to our ears at least four who have turned down lucrative jobs elsewhere because of their love for the school. All of these positions commanded a much higher salary and presented bigger opportunities. On unselfishness and loyalty such as this we cannot help but comment, and we, as students, cannot show them sufficient respect for the sacrifices they are making for us. They should stand exemplary to every young man and woman on the campus and fill each of us with greater inspirations for the cause of L. V.

The Mirror

THE COLLEGE MIRROR

The Crucible has started on another lease on life. We have attempted some radical changes, all with the hope that you will like the Crucible better. This page in the future shall be used to embody one of these changes. Its purpose you will discover before you finish reading the first installments. As the page of the College Mirror, it is going to be a MIRROR with a flat surface, neither convex or concave. In other words, we won't enlarge or we won't contract anything. It will reflect the object in life size, freckles, liver spots and all. The object shall be—well anything animate or inanimate, large or small, friendly or hostile, connected in any way, shape or form with Lebanon Valley College, in the class room, out of the class room, on the campus, off the campus—without reservations to creed, class, color or former condition of servitude.

We not only want you to enjoy the Mirror, but we want you to take a glimpse into it once in a while and let us know what you see therein. Be it criticism or praise, condemnation or adulation, dust or roses, we want it. But your attitude—one extreme or the other—must be founded upon facts that do, did or shall exist and not upon personal prejudices and jealousies. If you see, for instance, a grave mistake some organization has made that has been harmful in its effect upon itself or others—that is what we want. If you see that someone deserves credit for this or that—we want the privilege of printing it. If some department of the faculty fails, for instance, or succeeds, bring it to our attention and it shall be printed in bold type.

You can contribute anyway you wish, you can drop us a line through the mail, or hand us a note, or tell us about it—any way you wish. However, we reserve this right: your note must be signed with your own signature, or your message delivered in the presence of a witness. We must demand this to prevent unfounded criticisms and knocking for the simple sake of knocking.

However, we promise you not to divulge

your name, either in type or by word, and we give you as a guarantee, any member of the faculty. The purpose of the Mirror is to deal fairly with all situations and all conditions. We want to praise where praise and we want to blame where blame is due. Either will help make our college a better place to prosper individually and collectively. We are fighting for the interest of L. V. C. and the Mirror will prove a valuable method if you will cooperate with us. We want your opinion and we need it. We will appreciate your co-operation!!!

The Junior class has had more than its share of tough luck this year. The class, which was never large in numbers, is further depleted by the loss of almost ten, among the president and editor of the Quitapahilla. From experience we can say that the Quittie is more than a passing fancy and it looks as though they face quite a task. Financially it is a proposition in itself and requires exertion on the part of a class of forty or more to meet the obligations. However, the Juniors are ready to proceed under the leadership of Ralph E. Boyer, who was chosen editor, and it is fortunate for them to have placed the additional burden upon so capable a man. We want the Juniors to feel that everyone is back of them, looking for a better book than ever.

The college authorities made a wise move when they secured the service of a trained librarian and it is another indication of the progress going on hereabouts. We do not mean to cast any unkind reflections upon the girls who served us the past years in that capacity, but we feel that trained oversight and personal supervision was necessary.

It is soon time that the halls of the men's dorm be fitted out with lights. We think that there may be a misunderstanding to the effect that all dorm men be required to carry flashlights for the privilege of walking up and down the corridors at night. There's no contract as far as we are concerned. WE WANT LIGHTS!!!

THE V-RAYS

C. C. Smith, '24

Under the glare of the brilliant mazdas in Prof. Long's laboratory was an array of electrical and chemical apparatus that would have gladdened the heart of any humble follower of the Goddess of Science. Prof. Long himself had just entered the spacious room. As he hobbled quickly past numerous test jars, projectors and strange looking coils, a glow of eagerness flashed on his bewhiskered countenance. He paused before a table placed adjacent to a large electric switchboard. At once he began to assemble apparatus.

A small platinum crucible containing a queer brownish liquid he placed, with trembling hand, on an insulated stand, elevated nearly a foot from the table top. He also examined several heavily insulated wires, which led to a square mahogany cabinet to the right of the table. On the top of this cabinet was a large glass bulb resembling an X-Ray, except that it was flattened out and also locked an anode plate. Half of the bulb was coated with a deep, bluish substance. It was this section, too, that was more flattened than the other half. To it the Professor next turned his attention, carefully adjusting it in its socket so that the coated half was directly in line with the crucible stand. This done, he crossed over to the switchboard, paused a moment to take a final glance over the apparatus, then he threw in a large switch at the top of the panel.

Instantly there was a dulling of the mazdas, while from the interior of the cabinet rose a low, humming sound. The Prof., with sense alert, listened to the increasing pitch and volume of the sound. Slowly it rose, until it became a shrill whistle, and then again, silence, as the frequency passed the limit which can be perceived by the human ear. Again the Prof. turned to the board, this time moving a dial switch a few divisions forward. Dead silence filled the room; again the Professor snapped a switch and the laboratory was in darkness as well. But suddenly the queer looking bulb began to glow faintly. At first a rich crimson, it blended slowly to rouge, then a brilliant yellow, and thus on through the various light frequencies until it passed violet. And the room was in darkness

again, as the vibrations were too rapid for perception by the sense of sight. But now the coating; on the bulb which previously had been unaffected, became active. From the inside surface tiny sparks leaped up and lost themselves in the accumulating vapors in the inside of the tube. They increased in number, until the entire surface seemed to bloom with these tiny star flowers. But most astonishing of all, was the coloring of the coating itself! It was no longer a deep blue, but under the light cast by the sparkling atoms, sent off color rays never registered on man's color list. It was beyond the scale! Words could not describe it, except to say that it gave the observer an exhilarated feeling, arousing one's senses to the keenest perception. Again returning to the cabinet, and with the aid of a small flashlight, carefully adjusted two micrometer dials in a small recess of the cabinet. Then he returned to the table and centered his attention on the contents of the crucible.

Let us leave the Prof. for an instant and return to the period a short time before the story opens. Was it a co-incidence that had called together on that self-same night a group of four men who coveted the secret which the Professor had discovered? These men were seated at the library table in the luxurious parlor of their leader, James Bentner, who was then speaking.

"Men," he said, "With Dr. Long's discovery, we can have the wealth of the world at our fingertips. Think of it! If we have the apparatus which I am sure he now possesses, we can realize the old alchemist's theory of turning the baser metals into gold! But—he paused and glanced meaningly around the group—we do not have it yet. And that, sirs, is the purpose of our meeting tonight. I already know that no amount of money can buy it. The question remains, then, Shall we forego this splendid opportunity, or, shall we obtain the apparatus—at any cost?"

Letlowe, who was seated at the speaker's right, leaped up impetuously "I, for one, am willing to take it by force and risk the consequences."

"And I," "And I," assented the two remaining members of the company.

A crafty smile crept over the swarthy features of the first speaker "Very well,

THE V-RAYS
(Continued)

it is agreed then and now as to the method of procedure. I would not advise that the four of us visit him at once, as it would only invite suspicion, and, perhaps, provide unpleasant complications. I will visit him myself in his laboratory tonight, and well—I guarantee you, gentlemen, that the old duffer will cause no more interference with our plans." A general laugh followed, and after a little more planning, the meeting broke up.

Less than an hour later, a dark figure crept stealthily into the shadows of Dr. Long's laboratory. He paused beneath a window and peered cautiously in. The interior was dark, and he started away, but he saw a dull glow near the rear wall and he looked more closely. It was the light of a hand lamp, and he could now discern the grotesque shadow of a man bending over the table looming high on the farther wall. Suddenly the Professor turned from the table to the switchboard and the watcher involuntarily shrank back as the brilliant mazes again flooded the laboratory with light. But as his blinded eyes accustomed themselves to the glare, he saw the scientist take a small pellet a half inch in diameter from a crucible on the table and hold it up to the light for closer examination. As he did so, a thousand rays of light seemed to flash brilliant color darts from every part of its irregular surface.

"A Diamond!" gasped Bentnor, for it was he, "I knew it! I knew it! if fortune follows me as it has thus far, I shall have the secret within an hour, and then"—he reflected a moment—well, the three other members of our illustrious company shall have to look elsewhere for their fortune."

Leaving the window, he hastened to the entrance of the laboratory and entered quietly. Just inside the door he paused, "Good evening," he greeted. The startled scientist turned from his examination to the newcomer. At the same time he hastily concealed the precious bauble in his pocket. "Good evening sir," sternly from the Professor, "To whom am I indebted for this unannounced visitation?"

Plainly he was annoyed, and Bentnor, seeing it, did his best to appease him. "You must pardon me, my dear Professor, but I have heard so much of your noble

that I have decided to visit you, and I could not resist the temptation to catch you in the midst of an experiment," he smiled easily, "I see you have a wonderfully equipped laboratory, would you object to showing me your apparatus?"

Humanity is ever weakend by flattery, so the stern features of the Professor relaxed somewhat "Yes," he said, "I have spent many years in this laboratory and rather pride myself on its appearance. Here on this table you will find the latest type of Tesla coil which—" And there followed a lengthy discussion of the various apparatus which would occupy too much space here. Finally, they approached the cabinet of the task upon which their life said the doctor, "I consider the crowning success of my years spent in research work. Within it lie possibilities, which, if once revealed, may revolutionize the entire field of science." As he spoke, his face again lit up with enthusiasm which comes only to those who have realized the accomplishment of the task upon which their life work has been centered. Bentnor noted it, and feeling that this was the secret he sought, decided to draw the professor into an explanation. "Marvelous," he exclaimed, "tell me, Professor, why haven't you already given this wonderful discovery to the world?" The scientist's face clouded, "What! give such a power into the hands of the mercenary public? Do you realize, sir, that if that cabinet were given to the smallest nation on the globe, it could have the remaining nations at its feet within the year? No," his voice softened, "no, the world is not yet ready for my invention." Bentnor now sought another channel, perhaps you are right," he said, "You have interested me very much, but what are these possibilities? Surely, no harm can come of telling me because I do not possess yonder cabinet." "True enough," laughed the doctor. Hedre was the diamond which he had hidden from his pocket "Here you see a genuine diamond, worth hundreds of dollars, yet, scarcely a half hour before you arrived it was a cheap liquid, picked at random from my chemical supplies; in other words, the transmutation of elements is no longer a dream, for here in my hand, lies proof of its reality. Perhaps, I should

(continued on page 19)

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

By a Soph

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

This year we are pleased to present to you a new creature, Mr. Class of '25. Aw, by jove, it would be rawther more consistent with the facts to call it Miss Class of '25, doncha know.

More Freshmen have regiistered this year than for several years past. There has been an unusually high percentage of coeds. Ask the man behind the drug store's cosmetic counter why he wears his Sunday smile so often.

Ask you what sort of specimens the new students are? That's easy; they're green. Oh well, they're still young, you know, and hard knocks will soon teach them a thing or two. We have a less or more haze-y idea that some of the knocks have already been recieved and placed upon Minerva's altar.

If you should inquire of a bit of green fresh where it came from, it would start to spiel:

"We came from old New Hampshire,
Where the wintry breezes blow,
And from the sunny Southland
Where sweet magnolias grow."

Then you could beam at it, give it a friendly pat on the shoulder, and say, "You're work. November first is still a date in learning fast. Keep it up, but don't over-the untrodden future."

By far the most interesting part of the new class is composed of cosmetic worshippers. A deluge of the deadlier of the species has arrived, swamping both women's dormitories. Some of them have already penetrated into the hearts of the fag-borrowers, judging by the ravings heard in the men's dorm. 'Twas ever thus.

A former member of the Crucible Staff, Mr. Harold Lutz, came up for a few days from Baltimore to look over the new specimens. He is a genuine connoisseur as the pictures he recently sold prove. Nevertheless, he thinks he can get just as much in the social line in Baltimore, and has returned there. That's one less rival, fellows!

Boys, if you're looking for a partner that will remain at home and will remain an unseen part in a "triangle," now is your chance. Just cast your eye over those new dearies who so gracefully adorn

the new method of serving meals. To the outside world we wish to say that some tables in our dining*hall now have waitresses instead of waiters.

It is whispered that a certain Jane-of-apes among the new hash slingers announced her determination not to be hazed. From the delightful spectacle she presented a few days later, we would humbly assert our opinion that she must have been speaking through her hat. Don't be offended, Miss, no names have been mentioned.

We do not understand such things very well, but it seems that the Freshman girls have a very peculiar development of tehirsthetic senses and have a peculiar sense of style and manner of locomotion. Who in the wide world would have thought that one-cent postage stamps are a feminine facial ornament or that a wad of chewing gum is a proper frontal to enhance pulchritude? And we fear no contradiction when we say that no futurist or cubist could, in the most wild of wildest stretches of imagination, have evolved such coiffures as crowned the dear Freshies a few days ago.

Dear reader, have you ever seen a girl walking about with a white shoe on one pedal extremity and a black one on the other, or with same color scheme applied to the leg covering?

We understand it is the custom in some parts of our earthly paradise for young ladies—by the way, don't they ever grow old?—to lug around lizards, snakes, dogs, goats, bear cubs, and what-not as an inducement parallel to the time honored "You get one of our famous Kant-rite fountain pens for every pound that you buy of our genuine adulterated Dont-Drink-It coffee" yet in our varied experience, we never even heard a rumor before coming to L. V. C. that brooms, umbrellas, baseball bats, suit cases, butcher knives and alarm clocks were used as such inducements.

Contrary to custom, the Freshmen did not win the Freshman-Sophomore Class Scrap. The Sophs aren't of the usual sort, you see. When Freshmen are afraid to attack the Sophomores on a hike, or are unable to prevent the hoisting of a 1924 flag over the Administration Building, and the posting of all manner of improvised bulletin boards of the announcement of the

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

visit of the stork to L. V. C. with some verdant infants, one naturally concludes that the Sophomores this year have their determination and spirit of a different color than the Sophomores of the year existent only in memory. We won't 'apologize for this conclusion, gentle reader.

'Tis not only to the Sophomore boys that this conclusion is to be applied. When Sophomore girls fight like so many tigresses and throw the dining hall into a stampede of cheering humanity by their victory over the Juniors in preventing a Junior baner adorning the person of a Freshman girl, our judgement, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, is that they have the same quality and quantity of class spirit as the members of the other sex.

Freshmen, forget the above and listen to this: All the upper-classmen are indeed glad to welcome you to Lebanon Valley College. Life is not all a mixture of water and other minor things. We want to see you all develop into men and women whose principles and actions make for the best advancement of the college, of yourselves and of all others that you may come in touch with. It will make the college proud of you if you should maintain a high standard of scholarship. There is much to do to make our college better which can be done by you. We hope you will accept this trust with such a spirit of loyalty and devotion as to make the class of 1925 be spoken of with respect and admiration. You will discover that to do this the best way is to affiliate yourselves with as many of the college organizations, literary societies and clubs as you can.

Class of '25, we bid you a most hearty welcome to Lebanon Valley College!

An old and worthy alumnus remarked that the opening of the present term of college was the most auspicious in twenty years, and he is in a position to know, because he has been present to most of them in that time and has been a constant observer of all collegiate activities. The students seem to have caught the spirit and it sure was reflected on the faces of the faculty Wednesday morning.

Men and pins are useless when they lose their heads.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

By a Senior

Each year there comes to college halls a strange and motley crew, known to the world as Freshmen, yet recognized by few. With worried look they roam the halls, they know not what to do, they gaze about in wide-mouthed awe, and each one feels quite new.

The older students look them o'er with many hasty comments, they're indexed, classified, and filed among the "Death Leagues" parchments. Scarce have they left the office of the awesome registrar, when they feel themselves beneath the spell of a still higher power. Due to this power they undergo a long and awful week of punishment and ridicule which leaves them all quite meek. The fact that Freshmen all are "Green" is very well impressed, and that by rules they must abide or the "Sophs will do the rest."

To upper classmen comes the task of offering them good cheer, as well as kind words of advice to make first days less drear.

Keep on the walks, keep off the grass and always do your best, never come late to chapel or forget to use respect. Put into college all you have and you will surely find your interest to increase three fold and school won't be a grind. In college life as elsewhere it always pays to stay courteous, kind and thoughtful, industrious and gay. There is time for work, there's time for play, there's time for nonsense too, who would care for college without all these, I wouldn't, would you?

When upper-classmen are about be mindful of the rules, it strengthens their respect for you as it would in any school. Remember, Seniors shall be first and Freshmen shall be last, we all know they were Freshmen once, but now those days are past.

Freshmen hikes and Freshmen scraps, each Freshmen rendezvous, is but a part of Freshmen life and to them is quite due. But when they settle down to work they never must neglect to obey all their Freshmen rules, 'tis so easy to forget. So thus this little sermon ends with one more admonition, if you are good there's sure to be a great deal less restriction.

Marriage is the state in which a man brings home groceries instead of bonbons.

The Faculty Page

FACULTY NOTES

There are three new faces on our faculty this year and we wish to welcome them to our midst. Prof. Andrew Bender, Ph. D., has accepted the position as head of the chemistry department of the college and he comes to us highly recommended and with many years of study and experience behind him. After graduating from Lebanon Valley in the class of '06, he taught in high schools for several years. After taking further work leading to a doctor's degree from Columbia University. He was elected to the chemistry chair in the University of Richmond, Richmond, Va. During the war he was actively engaged in industrial work and comes to us fresh from that field of activity. The position at the head of the chemistry department was made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Malcolm Haring, who is taking further work at Columbia University. The college is fortunate in securing the services of so capable a man for this important place on the personnel of the faculty.

Miss Letitia Withrow, graduate of Holins College and Conservatory of Music, Holins, Va., after spending two years on the faculty of her Alma Mater, Miss Withrow held the position of head of the voice department in Greenville College. She comes to us highly recommended and is sure to be an asset to the Conservatory.

Miss Ethel Myers, class of 1906, has been elected librarian of the college. She took an extensive course in the University of Chicago, where she graduated from the library department. After working there three years subsequent to her graduation, she accepted the position of librarian of the city of Lancaster, which place she has served for the past nine years. The position of college librarian is a newly created one, coming out of conditions which necessitated such procedure. Under her supervision the library work will be reconstructed. Miss Myers will also do some teaching in the English department in addition to her library duties.

Dr. R. R. Butterwick, formerly pastor

of the United Brethren Church of Hershey, has taken up a permanent abode in the college town and will hereafter devote all his time to teaching. Dr. Butterwick holds the chair of Philosophy.

A number of the members of the faculty of last year have spent the summer of '21 in further training and study at Universities, both at home and abroad. Dr. U. H. Hershey, principal of the Conservatory, spent the summer abroad studying and travelling and returned recently to resume his work here. Prof. R. Porter Campbell studied at New York University, and Prof. Ruth Elizabeth Engle, also of the Conservatory teaching corps, spent several weeks at Chatauqua, New York, where she took further work in musical subjects. Prof. P. S. Wagner, principal of the Academy and professor of Mathematics, took work at Columbia University leading to a degree. Prof. Ross G. Froun- ick, head of the Latin Department, took additional courses in Latin and German at the University of Chicago.

The Lebanon Valley College Summer School at Mount Gretna, the past summer, proved to be successful in every way. The faculty of the Extension School consisted of members of the L. V. faculty with one exception. The school was under the directorship of Prof. T. B. Beatty, head of the college English department; Prof. C. R. Gingrich performed the duties of Secretary and Prof. Samuel O. Grim was registrar and treasurer. The outlook now seems to be for a bigger, better and more complete session next summer. The project paid well financially, and besides, was a big boost and advertisement for our college.

The Editor.

We wish to take this means to apologize for an error in the Y. M. C. A. handbook. Due to some mistake of our own or on the part of the printer, the name of Mr. Gaston Vandenbosche appears as president of the Science Club, whereas the president of that organization for the coming term is Mr. Paul E. Ness, of the class of 1922.

FOOT-BALL GAME WITH STATE

Our foot-ball team, under the leadership of one of the most efficient coaches that ever took charge of a team at L. V. C., opened the season against Penna. State last Saturday against one of the most formidable teams of the Country. The score, 53—0, against us, by no means tells the tale. Our team, from the least to the greatest was in superb condition. But we went up State to play one team, instead of four different teams. Had the varsity that started for State remained in the entire game, it is needless to say that the score would have been much less, and obvious to say that our team would have scored on them at least.

Each individual that got into the game for L. V. C. did himself considerable credit by playing his best, despite the fact that State was penalized more than one hundred yards for unnecessary roughness, etc. Our team played one of the cleanest games ever played on the gridiron at State College, for only one time were they penalized for offsides.

The team as a whole worked together well, and should they continue to play such a consistent game the remainder of the season, there is no reason for not believing that the team will come into its own and we will experience one of the most successful foot-ball seasons at dear old L. V. C.

No one in particular starred for our team, for the boys played together in a splendid manner. Nevertheless, at times Danker, in the backfield, and Lauster and Behman, on the line, showed up particularly well. Danker also was especially fine on the offensive, being the one who gained the most ground. Both the varsity ends and center and guards deserve considerable praise for the brand of foot-ball they played against such a mighty team. The Homans and Cohen deserve credit for their steady work. We can be sure that with such a team, well trained and trying to do their best, the succeeding foot-ball scores will be much more encouraging to us.

Line up and Score

| PENN STATE | LEBANON VALLEY |
|-----------------|----------------|
| McCollum, L. E. | Smith, L. E. |
| Baer, L. T. | Behman, L. T. |
| Hills, L. G. | Fakse, L. G. |
| Bentz, C. | Beck, C. |

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Bedenk, R. G. | Lauster, R. G. |
| McMahon, R. T. | Whistler, R. T. |
| Hufford, R. E. | Wenschinski, R. E. |
| Ritner, Q. B. | H. Homan, Q. B. |
| Redinger, L. H. B. | R. Homan, L. H. B. |
| Lightner, R. H. B. | Cohen, R. H. B. |
| Snell, F. B. | Danker, F. B. |

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|----------------------|---|----|----|-------|
| Penn State | 7 | 14 | 19 | 13—52 |
| Lebanon Valley | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

Touchdowns—Lightner, Snell, 2; Killinger, Wilson, Cornwall, 2; Patton. Goals from touchdowns—Lightner, 2; Cornwall, 3. Goals from field, 0. Substitutions—Penn State: Frank for Hufford, Crowther for McMahon, Johnson for Bedenk, Hamilton for Bentz, Logue for Hiltz, Madera for Baer, Smozinsky for McCollum, Killinger for Ritner, Wilson for Redinger, Cornwall for Lightner, Knabb for Spell, Hunter for Smozinsky, Butler for Frank, Armbruster for Crowther, Patton for Killinger, Hess for Knabb, Palm for Wilson, Carson for Cornwall, Baer for Johnson, Reinhard for Madera, Grimes for Logue, Murray for Hamilton; Lebanon Valley: Carpenter for Whistler, Krause for Danker, Danker for Krause, Clarkman for Wenschinski, Hoffman for R. Homan, Musser for Smith, Kessler for Cohen, Carroll for Carpenter. Referee—Watkeys, Syracuse. Umpire—Taggart, Rochester. Head linesman—Davidsen, Penn. Time of periods—15 and 12 minutes.

FOOT-BALL

Taking all things into consideration, the showing made by our men at Penn State was a credit to our school, as was evidenced by the paper reports of the contest and also the accounts of those who witnessed the struggle. This was evident by the fine showing made in the first quarter, when the great State combination made only one touchdown. We prophecy that the end of the present season will report five victories and four defeats. The great probability is that our men shall roll up victories, although we must concede victory to the Army and Lehigh University. The memory of our fight with the Army before war days, when we held them to a solitary field goal for a total of three points, is still vivid, and we have a serious hunch that history will repeat itself this season.

It takes the truth a long while to catch up with a rumor.

It is so rare we can't understand how they ever happened to call common sense common.

The graduate of a barber college doesn't have much to say about his dear old alma mater.

ALUMNI NOTES

Lucile Shenk, '23

Among the early Autumn weddings, one of those outstanding, was the marriage of Miss Laura Uhler Millard, of Millarden, near Annville, to Mr. Ernest Duncan Williams, '17, formerly of Eutawseville, South Carolina. The ceremony was solemnized at the Millard residence on the first of September, with Dr. I. E. Runk, pastor of the Annville United Brethren Church, officiating.

Miss Nancy Kreider, of Annville, was maid of honor, and Miss Kathryn Kelly, of Harrisburg, and Miss Marian Harper, of Baltimore, were bridesmaids.

David Fink, of the class of '17, acted as best man, and Harold Risser, '17, and Benjamin Millard were ushers.

Immediately after the wedding, the young couple left for a honeymoon to Eastern cities.

Mrs. Williams is a graduate of Goucher College, Baltimore, class of 1921. The young couple are making their home at Annville.

* * *

Miss Ruth Loser, '18 of Progress, and Mr. Frank Attinger, a former member of the same class, were united in marriage on the first of August, at the bride's home. Mrs. Attinger has been teaching in the high school at Greenville since her graduation, and Mr. Attinger spent several years abroad, with the American Expeditionary forces, during which time he was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Government for extraordinary bravery in action. The young couple are making their home at Port Treverton.

* * *

Another Lebanon Valley College romance culminated in the marriage of Miss Emma Witmeyer, '21, to Mr. Cawley Stine, '20. Mrs. Stine is a talented musician and is well known in Lebanon Valley College circles. The young couple are living in Dayton, Ohio, where they are both pursuing courses in Bonebrake Theological Seminary.

* * *

Prof. and Mrs. Ralph Bartlett, of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, recently returned from a motor tour of the United States. Upon their trip to the Pacific coast, they travelled through the States of the far Southwest and returned through

the more central States. Mrs. Bartlett will be remembered as Miss Edith Lehman, of the class of 1913, and also at one time a Professor of German in the College.

* * *

The science department of this institution has been materially strengthened by the advent of Dr. Andrew Bender, '06, in the department of Chemistry. Dr. Bender has been granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University, and has spent the recent years both in teaching chemistry in various institutions and in the field of commercial chemistry. We take this opportunity to welcome him back to his Alma Mater.

* * *

Miss Ethel Meyers, of the class of 1907, is coming back to us as our librarian and assistant in English. She has received a specialized training in this field in the Library School of Chicago University. We know that she will be another valuable addition to our faculty, and we also bid her welcome to old L. V. C.

* * *

We are all saddened to hear of the death of Rev. Lester Zug, '15, at his Chambersburg home. Although Mr. Zug has been ill for some time, his death, nevertheless, comes as a severe blow. Frustrated in his plans to enter the mission field by the attack of severe illness which overcame him while enroute to Africa during which time he was incapacitated in a hospital in Liverpool, England, he returned to America. His health gradually grew worse, until he was called to his maker. His widow will be remembered as Miss Emma Rhodes, a graduate of the department of music, class of 1918.

* * *

Russell E. Snively, ex-17, recently returned from a sojourn in Russia and Siberia.

* * *

Messrs Harold and Robert Lutz, former members of the class of '23, have matriculated at Johns Hopkins University.

* * *

Mr. Theodore Van de Sande, of the class of '24, is pursuing a course in Osteopathy in Philadelphia.

* * *

Miss Katharine Hummelbaugh, a graduate of the Oratory department, class of '21, has taken up a course at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

THE STUDENTS RECEPTION

Faculty and students have entered upon another school year. I know it shall be a banner year for Lebanon Valley College. The enrollment surpasses that of former years. We have a large Freshman class this year, which means a great boost.

Instead of becoming acquainted individually with all the new students, the annual custom of learning to know one another in an informal way was followed at the Students Reception, which was held in the Alumni gymnasium Saturday evening under the joint auspices of the Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations. Due to the Penn State game, many of our football men could not be present. However, the reception was largely attended by the students, both old and new, alumni and faculty.

Everyone was met by the reception committee and received an introductory card which presented him to his neighbor in an informal manner. While the guests were arriving, school songs and other musical selections were given by the Glee Club.

At eight o'clock the faculty and their wives took their places in the receiving line and everyone in turn proceeded down the line to receive greetings and become acquainted.

Then followed a short programme, which consisted of two short addresses of welcome by Miss Lucille Shenk, in behalf of the Y. W. C. A. and by Mr. Rhodes Stabley in the same capacity for the Y. M. C. A. All the societies and clubs of the college had a representative to give a few remarks and extend a hearty welcome to all the new students. Miss Pearl Seitz rendered a delightful vocal selection, which was greatly appreciated. Miss Minerva Raab rendered an instrumental number with her usual skill and ease. And the Misses Reeves and Kratzent read in their customary poise. Then President Gossard gave a short address, followed by the singing of the A'ma Mater, which ended the programme.

The next feature all could be participants when light refreshments were served by the Sophomores and a delightful social hour followed.

It was an evening delightfully spent by

all and especially for the new students. The majority of us were acquainted. Each one of us desired to have the new student feel that he or she is one of our number. We may not remember all the names, but we do know that we are all students at L. V. and are mighty proud of the fact. The predominating feature was the good-will and fellowship which helps to kindle a school spirit and arouse the enthusiasm of the student body. It behooves us all to stick together, in work and sports, for where there is unity great things are accomplished. The reception presages the proper kind of scholastic co-operation.

I feel sure that every new student is assured that he or she is in the right place, and will be quite proud to be here. If any were doubtful at first, I hope now they are sure that L. V. holds great opportunities for them, since they have met our splendid faculty and all the old students who are greatly interested in their welfare.

It is hoped sincerely that the fine spirit disclosed at this "getting together party" will be in evidence throughout the year, leading our "newcomers in an ever increasing fidelity for L. V. C.

W. S. G. A.

Due to the resignation of Miss Verna Hess, class of '22, from the office of the president of the Woman's Student Government Association, a new election was made necessary, at which time Miss Miriam C. Cassel, '22, was chosen by the women of the dormitories to assume the duties of presidency. Miss Cassel realizes the seriousness of the job and we believe she has the capabilities to make the organization prosper and accomplish the purpose of its mission.

Someone would like to know what has become of the campus mower. On the opening days of school the grass stood proud and lofty in its height of six inches and it wasn't a good way to receive the students, to say the least, and especially since so much depends upon first impressions. Some of us thought that the campus was being prepared for a pasture.

CHRISTIAN ORGANIZATIONS

THE OUTLOOK OF THE Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. faces a big task this year, and it will require the greatest effort and co-operation on the part of the men in charge to turn in successful results. However, the cabinet is already thoroughly organized and ready for work. Financially, the outlook, while serious, will not cause much worry. The membership campaign, which was put across last week, resulted better than any similar campaign in the history of the college Y. M. C. A.. Indications point to much enthusiasm and interest on the part of the new students and the new support thus received will be found valuable and useful.

The hand-book, distributed last week, cost the two christian organizations over one hundred dollars, and as a result there is a deficiency to be met by the Y. M. and Y.W. jointly, amounting to at least \$25 each. The reception held on the first Saturday of the school year, which was so largely attended, entailed an additional cost of \$25 upon the Y. M. fund, also.

At the initial meeting of the Y. M. cabinet, Tuesday night, in the presence of Mr. Miller, State Student Y. M. C. A. secretary, it was furthermore decided to pay a total of \$15 to the State and International Y. M. C. A. committees to carry on the State and world-wide work.

The proposition demanding attention on the part of the Y. M., is that of holding meetings at a suitable time, when the greatest number of fellows will be able to attend. This question was seriously discussed at the cabinet meeting. It was pointed out that the Sunday afternoon meetings of former years have proven an absolute failure, and, also, that the week nights were so filled with the meetings of the many other college organizations, that it would be wise to hold no formal meetings of the Y. M. However, it was decided to hold weekly meetings in the Y. M. room of the boys' dorm, every Wednesday night at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of maintaining the devotional life of the organization. This meeting will be in charge of Mr. Jay Arnold, who is the chairman of the Bible Study committee, and will consist of singing, short talks, and prayer. All men of the college, whether members

of the Y. M. or not, are cordially invited to attend.

It is being seriously considered to arrange in connection with the Y. W., if possible, to have some great speaker and expert on sexology and hygiene address the entire student body in the chapel some time during the winter months. A speaker of this type can be secured at small consideration, and he would be able to wield much influence upon the young men and women.

The Star Course under the direction of Mr. Russel Shadel promises to be the stellar course ever put on at the college. Though entailing considerably more expense than any course in the past, the talent will be of the highest order, having among them such men as Dr. Hillis, the famous preacher and author. Five big musical, educational and entertaining numbers will comprise the retinue of events and the tickets will sell for the absurdly small price of \$1.50. When the campaign begins within the next week or two, it is hoped that the student body will co-operate and show the same spirit that the town of Annville has been manifesting in the matter.

THE OUTLOOK OF Y. W. C. A.

Y. W. C. A. Conference at Eagle's Mere.

1. More stress on social life.
2. Assume greater world responsibility.
3. A really truly honor system.
4. Higher standards of scholarship.

With these goals before us, let us strive ever onward and upward toward a perfection of a life similar to that of the man of Galilee.

Besides the above goals, we are striving for a membership of five hundred in our Y. W. C. A. We have a big year ahead of us, and to make it a success, will mean the co-operation of every girl. Join the Y. W. C. A. and you will never regret the time spent in training yourself for definite Christian Work. With this song in our hearts we will win the victory.

"To the Knights in the days of old,
Keeping watch on the mountain heights
Came a vision of the Holy Grail
And a voice through the waiting night,

(Concluded on Page 20)

OUR HUMOR PAGE

FRESHMAN LIMERICKS

There was a young gay Freshie Mister,
Who loved a grave Sophomore's sister.
He told her his love
Like a soft turtle dove,
Then he smacked his brave lips, but he
Mister.

There was a young Freshie Boy soaking
His class with soft talk about smoking—
Till one Monday night,
In a terrible fright,
He learned that the rules took no joking.

Another young Freshie was lacking
A proper gray matter backing.
He said do your worst
Ere November the First.
Now the senate his footsteps are tracking.

A Matter of Vision

Even a busy man can often see far
enough through a practical joke to recog-
nize the fool on the other side..

Not So Sure Now

Cholly—"Do you know how to run a mo-
tor car?"

Molly—"Why I thought I did, until I
had a short conversation with a cop yes-
terday."

Two In a Crowd

Mary—"I certainly did wrong when I
told Russell that I admired his chin."

Esther—"How's that?"

Mary—"He's started raising another
one."

The Very Person

Fat Martin—"I can't seem to collect my
thoughts today."

Cynthia—"Why don't you get in touch
with the garbage man?"

Evans—"They tell me your complexion
is all made up."

Mealy—"It's false!"

Evans—"That's what they meant."

Smith—"Have a cigarette, old man?"

Weiser—"No thanks. I've sworn off
smoking for good."

Smith—"Well, put one in your pocket
for tomorrow."

An Old Time Nut to Crack

What is the difference between an or-
phan, the Prince of Wales and a bald head-
ed man?

An orphan has nary a parent, the
Prince of Wales is an heir apparent, and
the bald headed man has nary hair ap-
parent.

Tragedy Receipt

Take one reckless, natural born fool, two
or three drinks of bad liquor, a fast high-
powered motor car. Soak the fool well
in the liquor, place in the car and let him
go. Afterwards remove from wreckage,
place in black satin-lined box and garnish
with flowers.

Parlorbolshevicovitch

A lady of Russia loved Trotsky;
Of his doctrines she thought a whole
lotski;
They took all but her hair and some
light underwear
Now she calls the whole scheme Tommy-
rotski.

Long May It Wave

The Hairdresser—"Yes, I can give you a
nice, permanent wave that will last
through your vacation and stand bathing."

Flossie—"I'm not so particular about
bathing, but I want a wave that'll stand
manhandling."

Ain't It Funny?

Bill—"I certainly held some wonderful
poker hands last night."

Hungry—"Win much?"

Bill—"No, we were playing cribbage."

"So you ain't traveling with him no
more?" I hear y' broke it off and canned
him."

"I cert'n'y did. Gee! but he's the fresh
guy. Why before we'd been engaged a
week, he wanted me to let him see my
ears!"

"Danny was looking at a picture of the
prophet Elijah ascending to heaven in a
chariot of fire," relates the Mulvane News.
"When he saw the halo about Elijah's head,
he cried, 'Oh look, mama, he's carrying an
extra tire.'"—Kansas City Star.

SPECIAL FEATURES

FIT'S TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES

1.—In New York City.

I heard once on a graphophone that Uncle Josh had been down to New York and he thought it was such a wonderful place that he got me in the noshun of goin.

They warent nobody to meet me at the station as I spose they didn't know I was a comin'. I went to a hotel and while there I had all the conveniense of life a millionaire could want but money. They had a policeman to meet me at the door and he turned me over to a band-master dressed in red who took me to a big memory book of some sort where a polite man wanted me to write my autograff so as he could remember me when I had gone home. Then they sent me up to a beautiful cell on the refrigerator. It was very nice, you can bet. Everything fixed for compny. He told me if I needed any extrays I could call him on a fone all in the same house.

When I got down street they asked me to take part in a pay-raid. Hthey said I was just the Fit they needed. They said theyd furnish the close if I'd be the man, an as it meant the savin of a day on my suit I said I'd go, so I went. They put a red devil suit on me which the newspapers got hold of somehow and printed on the 4th page of the Pepull's Home Journell for October. I am the devil which is standing up. My close fit so tight that it was not a safe venture to set. Many things were said. One girl said he looks too gentle to be a devil. To her kind words I agreed.

New York is quite as funny as Uncle Josh said it was. They have street cars above you and below you, and on a level with you. Traffick is so thick that you can hardly see the city for the people and the houses. Some of the houses are so high that the bottom looks little from the top. You can see the hole city in a nutshell from the roof of Mr. Woolworth's ten-cent building. It must have been built when Manhatting Island sold for 24 dollars, for it would cost more now..

They have a drive in New York called Riverside drive because it is by a river and because people drive there. It ought to

be also called Loverside drive as they were present in herds when I was there.

Eats is very cheap in New Yory providin' you don't eat. I had a good fill before I went so I didnt get very hungry.

They told me to take some pictures in New York, but in the first place they was too many policemen watchin' an then besides, I didnt know as it would be the proper thing. I got a good picture on a calendar though, that I found somebody had throwed in a paper can. It was real nice, and they wasent any policeman lookin.

DAVID FIT

SOME SOPHOMORE OBSERVATIONS

By ???

When customs change!!! Waitresses have this year first made their appearances in the dining hall. Don't make us wait until we starve, dearies.

Conservatives of the college were agreeably pleased when the speaker of the first chapel exercises delivered a holy roll of thunder against evolution and Darwinism. How long, O Lord, will it be until truth conquers?

That dazzling literary genius who is the summit—or head, if you choose—of our Anglocized American—nope, it ain't that—it's Americanized English department is going to play the Darius. His new laws of Medes and Persians will be exposed to the public gaze as soon as enough money is secured to get a bulletin board.

What a horror it must be for the girls to pass between those two lines of staring men just before entering the dining hall! But then we always said competition betters the quality of the goods. Look at the bevy of budding Venuses that recently appeared among us. Keep up the stares, boys!

So some of our freshmen are going to leave because of midnight experiences, are they? Keep a quiet tongue in your heads, you awful boobs, or the bow-wows will make a lunch of you again.

The financial department, manned by our noble skipper, has decided to wait until more students have paid their bills before cutting the grass. Perhaps Skipper believes that the campus should keep up with the times and bob its own.

In the Mist

Professor (Concluding a difficult explanation)—“Is that someone smoking back there?”

Student—“Not at all, sir, only the fog I'm in.”

Mary had a little “Bull”,
He broke into the Senate,
He was a punkin back at home,
But there he wasn't in it.

To the breakfast students of L. V. C.:
When you dine at the Pennway next time,
don't forget that Felix, the happy man
back of the counter, carries a purse to
carry your tips.

Kid—“How old is that lamp, ma?”

Ma—Oh, about three years.”

Kid—“Turn it down. It's too young to
smoke.”—Watchman Examiner.

The Sammy—“Over in Amurica we got-
ta lilac bush fifty feet high.”

The Tommy—“I wish I could lilac that.”

Countrywoman (Her first glimps of the
sea)—“Ain't it astonishin', Willium?
Who'd 'ave thought theer could be as
much water as that?”

Willium—“Yes; an' remember, Maria,
ye only see what's on top.”—Punch.

“I heard Mabel said that when she mar-
ried she had selected the very flower of
her admirers.”

“To what particular bloom did she liken
him?”

“At first she thought he was the pink of
perfection, but when the baby came to
claim her attention, he was just a mere
poppy.”—Baltimore American.

Parson—“Do you know the parables,
my child?”

Johnnie—“Yes, sir.”

Parson—“And which of the parables do
you like best?”

Johnnie—“I like the one where some-
body loafs and fishes.”

Sammy—“Time seems to hang heavily
on Joe's hands. She never knows first
what to do with herself.”

Skinny—“That's the worst of having
natural hair.”

Lawyer (Examining prospective juror
in criminal case)—“Mr Juror, have you
any fixed opinion as to the guilt or inno-
cence of the accused?”

Juror (Emphatically—“Naw, I ain't
got no doubt but the man's guilty, but
they ain't nobody fixed me.”—Judge.

“But what chanct has a young fella
got to get ahead here, I'd like to know?”
gloomily demanded Bud.

“What chanct?” ejaculated his father.
“Why, jest look at me, son. When I fust
came here from Kaintucky, I didn't have
nothin'—not nothin'. And jest look at me
now—I got nine dawgs!”

Lady—“Here, my poor fellow, is a
quarter for you. It must be dreadful to
be lame, but I think it must be worse to
be blind.”

Tramp—“It is, mum, when I was blind,
they was always handing me counterfeit
quarters.”

A Preacher conducting a revival meet-
ing announced that he would speak the
next night on “Liars,” and he requested
his hearers to read in advance the 17th
chapter of St. Mark.

The next evening, before opening, he
asked all who had read the chapter to hold
up their hands. A score or more of hands
were raised.

Well, you're the persons I want to talk
to,” he said. “There isn't any 17th chap-
ter of St. Mark.”—Lincoln Journal.

“What is heredity?”

“Something a father believes in until
his son begins acting like a fool.”

Click—“What did the dancer have on?”

Clack—“The eyes of the women and
the opera glasses of the men.

History surely repeats itself: Eve wore
very few clothes.

In some branches taught in the school
of experience, the tuition is too high.

If a man feels he is overworked, it is a
sign he doesn't like his work very well.

Knowledge and timber should not be
used until after they are well seasoned.

THE V-RAYS

(Continued from Page 8)

explain more fully," he continued, "As you know, man has separated all matter into approximately eighty elements. Also, he has found, in this separation, that molecules are the unit particles of compounds. These he has also subdued, until the study of the activities of the electron, the ultimate unit, has become practical. Coincident with this, has come the discovery that the molecules of various elements differ not in the ultimate substance itself, but rather in the currelative arrangement of the electrons and atoms within the molecules. It is this last principle which I have taken advantage of. In yonder cabinet I have placed super-coils, which, with the aid of a specially constructed vacuum bulb, coated with a very rare Uranium compound, generates a new type of ray, whose vibrating frequency is far beyond the known scale. For convenience, I have called it the V-Ray. By the laws of sympathetic vibration, these laws, when directed on any element, will set up such a violent vibration as to overcome the natural collusion of the substance particles. Then, by a suitable combination of condensers and dial switches, I have been able to control the rearrangement of the electrons and atoms so as to form a different element or compound."

"Oh yes, I understand perfectly," said Bentnor, "And you refuse to give this secret to the world?"

"I certainly do," replied the Doctor.

"Then by the Eternal, I shall take it," he shouted as he pulled a wicked looking automatic from his pocket and pointed it at the old man "Up with your hands."

With a pained expression he complied.

"Now then, my dear friend, you may tell me where the plans for this wonderful invention are kept."

The Doctor quietly replied "Within the lower portion of the cabinet, which, fortunately, is equiped with a combination lock."

"Get them," snapped Bentnor, "and no funny business, either."

The old man seemed almost anxious to open the cabinet. He stooped and turned the polished knob near the floor. There was a peculiar swishing sound, but the door did not open, instead, he rose and turned to Bentnor, laughing.

Bentnor, realizing something was amiss, took quick aim and fired point blank at the man before him. The bullet dropped to the floor half way between the two. Again and again he fired, with the same results.

"You are but wasting lead," the quiet voice of the Professor seemed far off. "I forgot to tell you the full extent of my discoveries. You probably know that the periodic table, as arranged by Mendelejeff is not complete. With the aid of my invention, I have discovered one of these unknown elements. This one, while entirely invisible, except under ultra-violet light, has the strength of the heaviest steel plate. There is a wall of such material now surrounding myself and the cabinet. As you probably noticed, it was controlled or lowered from the ceiling by this knob on the cabinet. Merely an arrangement to safeguard my cabinet while under investigation."

Bentnor was too dazed by the sudden turn of events to speak. His hands hung limply at his side.

"Let me also say," continued Dr. Long, "that your attempted theft tonight has taught me the danger of my invention. You may know, then, that this very night I shall destroy every particle of my invention. I would rather sacrifice the usefulness which may be derived from it, than to endanger the welfare of innocent humanity because of the existence of such unprincipled scoundrels as yourself."

As he spoke he walked to the switchboard and again threw in the large switch. and again there followed a dulling of the lights and a whirring sound from within the cabinet.

"Now, sir," in a sterner tone, "I have turned on the coils. Within a half minute they will have reached their generative capacity. The V-Rays easily penetrate the wall between us, and it will be an easy manner to direct them toward you. I am sure humanity will not suffer if you should suddenly change your existence. If you do not care for the experience, I advise you to leave instantly."

Bentnor departed without offering objection.

When picnics begin to look like hard work to a man, he is aging, and might as well admit it.

THE OUTLOOK OF THE Y.W.C.A.

'Follow, follow, follow the gleam
Banners unfurled o'er all the world,
Follow, follow, follow the gleam
Of the chalice that is the grail.
Of the Light that shall bring the dawn"

And we who would serve the King
And loyally Him obey,
In the consecrate silence know
That the challenge still holds today.
Follow, follow, follow the gleam.
Standards of worth, o'er all the earth,
Follow, follow, follow the gleam

A girl never casts her bread upon the
waters without the fervid hope that it will
return to her in the form of wedding cake.

Money is only one of the roots of all
evil. Too much talking is the other root.

What would you say of Kitty Cooke?
Her plight was most distressing.
She feared to serve her salad, lest
Her guests would see her dressing.

Are you lonesome when you are sick?
A rich Pittsburgher, when ailing, hires a
beautiful trained nurse to hold his hand.

Students!

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

FROM THE EDITOR'S INK-WELL

There is one commodity more precious than gold or silver or fame or praise—as precious as these are nowadays—which can be had for the asking and possessed for the taking. It seems that we mortals do not appreciate anything unless we have paid a huge sum for it. Shoe merchants will tell you that it is easier to sell the same pair of shoes at a high price than at a reduction. We have gotten into the habit of going after only those things which require great competitive effort or sacrifice. Since we girls and fellows here at college are humans—even if the good folk of Annville doubt this fact—the above applies to us.

There is especially one commodity we overlook. The world is going to look to us for leadership some day, and what fine commanders we will make without ammunition or guns! We are making a deadly effort to stuff our craniums with knowledge and common sense, enliven our memories, and increase our judgment; we are one hundred per cent active in the social field, and we take pride in keeping our bodies clean and strong. We are packing our grip for this trip of life, and we have been painstaking in our efforts to get everything essential therein. But we have missed part of our apparel, toilet outfit or whatever it may be called.

We have armed ourselves for a life struggle as far as our inherent capacities and talents will permit. But without this one weapon we will become as but sounding brass and a tingling cymbal! Be sure your one weakness will find you out! How about the giant of Bible times who was killed with a sling! The lack of this commodity cost the Allies the failure at the siege of the Dardanelles when the enemy supply of food and guns would have lasted only forty hours. Babe Ruth hits 59 home runs a season with its use, and Bill Tilden wins world tennis titles because he enlisted it into his service.

You will agree that it must be a won-

derful thing to possess! But the most wonderful thing about this article is its cheapness—that's why more people don't carry it around. It is as free as the air you just drew into your lungs. It has neither weight, size or shape, and it combines the power of the fourth dimension—it is omnipresent as well as omnipotent.

It is Confidence! THE EDITOR.

OUR CONFERENCES

Some of us had the privilege to attend the annual conferences at Chambersburg and Lykens the other week, and besides learning a good deal about human nature, preachers and politics—some one has called a conference a ministerial political convention—we have come away mightily inspired and encouraged. The principal figure of both meetings was Bishop Bell, called by Brayan one of the ten leading orators of the twentieth century. His stirring messages sent a thrill to the hearts of several thousand hearers in such a way that the man and his message will forever remain a part of those who heard him. We analyzed him in action, and here is what we have found about him:

First, his sincerity in the cause he is fighting for. In his efforts to convince people of the essentials of life, he completely loses consciousness of self. He forgets that he is a great bishop; you are made to feel his great sense of humility. This may be called our second observation. He has no mind other than that it be used to understand just what God expects him to do and wants him to do; he has no will of his own except that it be used to put into effect the desire of Jesus Christ.

And then the bigness and the greatness of his heart! The fulness of his love for humanity and the richness of his desire to help others! The tears stream down over his cheeks as he sees the carelessness and helplessness of struggling folks, and his whole being throbs with his longing to give aid. His personality radiates the sincerity of his purpose.

The Mirror

We have a deluge of material for the Mirror section this week, and we appreciate your interest in this new feature. Don't have any fears or apprehensions about sending or giving us material. Your name will not be divulged under any circumstances. We want your opinion about things as they are and as they ought to be about old Lebanon Valley College.

* * *

The eleven trees recently planted on the campus are a donation made by Dr. R. R. Butterwick of our faculty. We wish to express our appreciation of his gift as students, and, more than that, commend him for his spirit and loyalty for the institution. Girls and fellows, we can be proud that we have men and women as teachers here who have the school at heart and who are depending upon psychic sources for the greater part of their income—for surely it isn't any financial motive that keeps most of them at their posts of duty here. So according to the old adage—blame where blame is due, and praise where praise is due.

* * *

The men of the dormitory are tired of not getting what they have paid for. Furthermore, they want to live in quarters that are fit to live in. We fellows have to stay here for nine consecutive months, during which time the dormitory must serve the purposes of a home for us. For several weeks past there has been no light in two of the lavatories. We stand at a point of information also to know what became of the movement started at the end of last year to install showers on each floor. For this there may be some reason which we are not aware of, but we express the sentiments of all the dorm men that it is anything but pleasant and convenient to take showers in the basement.

* * *

The action of the president of the Men's Senate last Thursday in chapel when he openly announced charges against two men for infraction, has caused some comment.

Says one: It was anything but a wise thing to do. In my mind, it lowered the dignity of the senate in the eyes of the underclassmen, while many of the upperclassmen regarded it as a joke. It may have been a slight punishment to be arraigned openly before the assembled student body, but the rebuke was only momentary, and by causing resentment in the minds of both men will do more harm than good. I would prefer to see the senate follow some other line of action in the future.

* * *

Says another: The action of the president of the Men's Senate was one of the best things I have ever seen around here in the way of punishment that counts and is effective. It was humiliation to the last degree, and from the standpoint of an underclassman I can say that I would much rather take a good paddling than undergo anything like that before all the fellows and girls. It is a lesson a fellow can never forget.

THE STAR COURSE

The cool fall days remind us of the long winter nights coming, and with it a desire to know what is going to happen and how one is going to pass the long winter nights without becoming lonesome. One of the solutions to your dilemma is the splendid Star Course which has been arranged for, and which starts next month. It is by far the most expensive course yet arranged at the college, and it will prove to be the best. But, in order to make it successful from every standpoint, it is necessary to call upon you for support. So do your share and subscribe for at least one ticket!

If splints were placed on broken promises, our lumber supply would soon be exhausted.

The divine promise is given that he who sows will reap; this is broad enough to include wild oats.

Our Short Story

"AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER"

The wheels of time moved slowly, very slowly in the last days of summer, seeming reluctant to allow the beautiful hours of the golden season to be numbered among those of the ages. To the trees on the beautiful campus at Forsythe it seemed as though autumn would never come. Despite the fact that the North Wind would be a trifle more crisp in his morning whispers, and would gradually become more sharp in the many conversations in which he condescended to indulge, they were fairly tingling with delight that very soon they were to behold again the return of those maidens, seekers after knowledge.

Today the grass was being clipped, and the click, click, click of the lawn mower made every tree straighten up to its full height at the prospect of what tomorrow would bring.

In the distance could be heard the heavy puffing of the trains as they came lumbering into the station. Up the broad avenue from the station came the transfer. As it reached the gate at the far end of the campus, it came to a stop, and two passengers alighted, both of them women. They walked briskly up the well kept path, to the door of the main building, turned a key in the lock and stepped inside.

The advent of these two women was of sufficient importance to the tall elms of the campus to provide material for conversation and continual whisperings for the few days preceding the formal opening of the college. The two women walked down the broad hall and entered a room at the far end. They tossed their bags on a handsomely covered couch which was drawn up before the great fireplace that occupied a large part of one side of the room. The elder of the two women drew off her gloves, threw them on a chair, went to the great French windows, looking toward the campus, and opened them. She stood before the open window and drew a deep breath.

"Oh, Miss Bronson," she breathed to her

companion, "isn't it just wonderful to be alive?"

Miss Bronson, who was English, and an apostle of Johnson, stood exactly in the center of the room and spoke in exacting words, just as though she had caught each word misbehaving, had picked it up, spanked it properly, and then allowed it to proceed upon its way.

"I always say, Miss Elliot, that each one of us is responsible individually for our own personal feelings regarding the abstract, or, I might say, the ethereal."

There was absolutely nothing abstract or ethereal about anything Miss Elliot had felt or said, and she wanted Miss Bronson to know it. Although the Englishwoman, Miss Bronson, was private secretary to the president, Miss Elliot, and though she was an apostle of Sam Johnson, she never relaxed an inch from her English ways, and nothing, absolutely nothing, would induce her to speak of Boston in a cordially respectful manner if she knew that London retained its precedence.

Several days elapsed, and gradually butterfly forms began to flit over the campus, forming a pleasant contrast to the dark green of the newly cut grass. The halls began to echo with laughter and sweetly spoken words, and everything in general seemed to be in a confusion of gayety, all seemed to be happy; indeed, there was no cause for any condition except that of happiness to prevail. Everyone except the president seemed to catch the happy spirit of comradeship. Even the staid Miss Bronson relaxed from her English condition to such an extent as to be actually heard humming a tune as she passed through the various halls. Miss Elliott alone sat up late at night with her books before her. She paced noiselessly back and forth over the portico, looked at the stars and the moon. The new girls whispered among themselves, but the old girls shook their heads and sighed: "She always does that, just at the opening of the term. Some say she is a great student of astronomy, and others, that she is just dreaming."

But Louise Elliot was oblivious to all the many comments on her repeated

strollings upon the portico. She was dreaming. Dreaming of days gone by. Days when she was the belle in the little country town where she was born and bred. The Elliots were of the aristocracy in the Pennsylvania town which had seen many generations of them come into being, rise to varied positions in the state and nation, shift off the mortal coil, and sink into oblivion. But Louise Elliot was the last of her family, and her entire life had been filled with the thoughts of the things she must attain in order to live and die as an Elliot should. When young and unsophisticated it was expected that she would marry, and as every true maiden does she carried many treasured and sacred thoughts in her heart of the man whom she should marry. But, alas! when her knight came riding she knew him not for her knight until he had passed her by and had won the heart of another. So Louise Elliot concentrated every effort she had in developing herself in every respect and from every angle, until she had risen from one position of responsibility to another, and had finally been entrusted with the care of more than a thousand girls, seeking after the truth.

This morning she was garbed in a white clinging gown which in combination with her silvery hair made her resemble greatly a beautiful lily, bending from its stem. She walked briskly into the office and startled the staid Miss Bronson by asking for a list of the Freshman girls whose names began with the letter "R". Never in the history of Miss Bronson's connection with Miss Elliot had the latter shown any particular interest in any other individual than herself. She managed her college in a very orderly and well defined way, and not one girl had ever held a conversation with her over matters of general interest.

"There are nine young ladies whose names begin with the letter 'R'. They are Eliza Rancraft, Helen Raymond, Dorothy Ralson, Eileen Reed, Jean Ritter,—"

"Pardon me, Miss Bronson, but did you say Eileen Reed?"

"Yes, Miss Elliot."

"Where is her home, and who is her guardian?"

"Let me see,—she is from Boston, and Courtney Reed, a lawyer, is her guardian."

"Courtney Reed," Miss Elliot said the words slowly, as though they meant a great deal. Her countenance maintained

an expression of dreaminess as though something in the far distance controlled her thoughts. She remained in this thoughtful condition for a full five minutes, then remembering herself and her duty to the staid Miss Bronson, she jumped up quickly.

"Thank you, Miss Bronson. By the way, in which hall does Miss Reed live, and will you please call her to my drawing room immediately?"

"She rooms in Windsor Hall, Miss Eliott, and I shall call her immediately."

Eileen Reed was having a most exciting time all of her own when she was called into the presence of the most dignified president.

"I wonder what she wants with me. Do you suppose that she knows that father is coming, and wants to use this for an excuse to meet him, because you know he's pretty busy and he has done a few big things, or do you suppose she learned about the molasses in Eliza Rancraft's bedroom slippers or the frog in Dot Lawrence's bed. What if she were going to expel me? Why, I'd be ruined forever! Oh! what shall I do?"

"The best thing for you to do," said her Quaker room-mate, "is to report to her immediately and see just what she wants with you."

But the tall gypsy-like Eileen in her yellow dress, with flying hair and flaming cheeks, was not the sort of girl that Miss Elliot was ready to greet.

"Why my dear Miss Reed, you seem most unduly excited, and I can't understand what you are trying to say—you can't be expelled? why of course not—you say molasses and frogs—I'm afraid I am not able to get a very coherent tale—O! I understand—I am sorry that you have been excited in this way—but I really suppose that youth must have its days of fun and frolic."

These words from the president of Forsythe College. It was really beyond comprehension.

Oh Miss Elliot, I thank you so much, I did not understand and father is coming to see me today and I was so wrought up. Oh! If father should ever imagine that I indulge in such trickeries, he would disown me, and he is all I have in the world."

The girl broke down before Miss Elliot and the president put her arms around

(continued on page 19)

The Faculty Page

So frequently has the excellent morale of this year's student body been the object of favorable comment, that one with an analytical frame of mind, will at once inquire into the cause thereof. We have heard of the college spirit of yore and have noted the results thereof in the enthusiastic support of college welfare movements by our worthy alumni possessed of this virtue. In similar manner we have noticed the ill effects of an absence of the same during some seasons of the college history. Even the casual observer cannot but be impressed by the generous share of true blue and white spirit about the campus. With an unprecedented zeal, administrative efficiency, co-operative endeavor and steadfastness of purpose, the opening of college was attended with a more than ordinary activity. Confusion and delay were conspicuously absent. As the books are closed for the business of the first month, supporters of L. V. may fairly pride themselves with the results obtained. As contributing factors in the result mentioned, as a token of appreciation to those whose unselfish efforts have been of infinite value in bringing forth a new era of progress, we are glad to enumerate the following:

1. The devotion and generosity of those contributing financial support to the school.

2. The untiring efforts of the trustees of the college, the finance and executive committees of that body in particular, the president, faculty and administrative officials.

3. A student government that functions fearlessly and impartially, which has avoided the odium attached to irresponsible execution of fundamental college law, and which, nevertheless, has made an honest effort to prevent bolshevism and enhance the security and comfort that accompany vigorous yet sane execution of the law. We commend the courageous spirit of the Men's Senate in openly measuring out sentence upon offenders against the school laws. Respect for any judicial body depends upon impartial and speedy administration. May the government be

democratic and continue worthy of the loyal support it has enjoyed. Representative government has proved itself a positive preventative for death league activities.

4. The introduction of assembly hour each week, when students and faculty meet informally to discuss matters pertaining to the best interests of the students and the school.

5. The efficiency of student organization in general, resulting in better publications, better societies, better athletics and a higher regard for excellence in the work of the college generally.

6. A freshman class large in numbers, rich in talent and readily adaptable to the customs and traditions of the institution. The school is proud of the distinguished group of green-topped bambinos, and great things are expected to come to L. V. as the result of their activities.

7. The kindness of the employees, Dad, Chef and all the others who contribute to the daily happiness and comfort of those about them.

Prof. C. R. Gingrich.

The condition of society was never more chaotic than now. Because of this condition, more is demanded of the present and future generation than formerly. A higher grade of leadership is required to lead the world out of the present chaotic condition than was possessed by those who plunged the world into it. The world looks to the colleges for this leadership. That the student may equip himself to meet the demands for the present and future, he needs to develop the power of independent thinking. The majority of students are too receptive and not sufficiently critical. Let every student develop the power of thinking for himself. Let every student be a Berean.

Prof. R. R. Butterwick

The Greatest Teacher the world has ever known spent thirty years preparing for less than three years' work—but the work lasts.

Our Special Features

FIT'S TRAVELING EXPERIENCES

II. In and Around Coney Island

After crossin Henry Hudson's river on a bridge that goes through under the river, I was told that it would be nice for me to take a trip around Coney Island. I found out that for a nicle I could go all the way through a tunnel that comes out on the other side of the mountain at just about Coney Island. I got off where there was a big sine that said Steeple Chase park. I thought I'd like to see 'em chase a few steeples for a change so after a chat with the gatekeeper I went in, the gatekeeper bein' fifty cents richer, while Uncle Sam was only five cents better off, so the gatekeeper said. When I got inside I kep lookin' for the steeples and one feller asked me if I was catchin' flies. I told him to go roll hisself and he did, with me bein a prominent part of the roll. After this bein' over, an him bein taken to the hospitable for incurables, I took a walk out on the bridge of the Atlantic Ocean. The bridge did not go all the way acrost, as I guess it was too iar over. It was the first ocean I ever saw, and it looked as if it might of been up quite considerable. It was not muddy though, so I spose it was goin' down.

Near Steeplechase park wa another sine called Luney Park. I didn't go in there, for at the park I was in folks was so looney I was afeared to go to any loonier park. Talk about city poverty. I saw it first and second hand. I saw girls wearing big suits like Dad's union overalls only they haddent enuff of one color to make a suit so it was half red and the other half blue. I pitied 'em, but bein' rather hard up myself couldn't help 'em.

Then I went through a wooden bearall which was goin' round all the time. I walked through, while some got so drunk goin' through you couldnt tell if they was a walkin or rollin. I then beat in a race of wooden horses, got in a chineeze puzzell pen. an but for the timely assistants of a friend in need I may of been there yet. I saw a place where it says He who enters

here leaves hope behind, and I left no hopes behind. I climbed up a shaking stairway an with my cammera in one hand an hat in the other I took a ride of about 75 mi. per hr. on my sole remaining pair of pants. I landed top side down with care at the foot of the slide. After bein' rescued with a rope I took a look at several odd shaped mirrors which didnt help my looks none, so I left.

With my compliments,
DAVID FIT.

SOME SOPHOMORE OBSERVATIONS BY ???

We'll admit that Skipper has our goat. Why doesn't he get a couple more and trim the campus so that the Freshmen can't hide in the grass?

There is no reason, religious or secular, why L. V. C. should make a reputation for transferring men into hogs. Why aren't we assigned to our tables, Madame?

It appears that an uncatalogued ctourse in Druidism has slipped into our curriculum. May those new trees ever bless our Alma Mater!

Soggy says that a vacuum never causes anything. They don't learn much neither, do they?

Prof. Shenk need not have defended himself by disavowing any support of the fine art of flunking exams. A course in such an art at L. V. would be superlatively superfluous.

Despite the large amount, at least in apparent volume, of hair that the girls wear (and things that cannot be religiously called hair) it is only the boys who find it necessary to support their heads while listening to a lecture. Why?

Perhaps it's because their hands aren't busy; girls are always fingering their hair or working their handkerchiefs.

Philo's janitor reports that he has found a hairpin while cleaning Philo Hall. It was evidently lost during the smoker. The fellow who lost same may have it upon application.

For those interested we are pleased to announce that "Heaven and Hell" may be had in the library for the asking.

Athletics

FOOTBALL

Altho our representatives on the Gridiron did not get off the season with a splendid victorious start, they have since proven themselves one of the best teams that ever represented our Alma Mater.

The first contest to follow the game with the strong Penn combination, was that with the Georgetown team, of Washington, D. C. This team was considered one of the best teams in the East. But they expected an easy time with our warriors and were surprised, only beating us by a 7-0 score. The only touchdown was made on a fluke, for they were powerless before our line, altho several times, thru the agency of the aerial route, they threatened to score. But our capable men put in all they had and suppressed every attempt. Our men outplayed the "Hill toppers in every department of the game, Behman outpointed the Georgetown punter and our line proved to be the stronger of the two. It was in this particular game that our clever, brilliant quarterback, "Heinie Homen, thru unnecessary roughness, was injured and had to retire from the game in the last period. The same combination that so severely walloped North Carolina State the Saturday before opposed our men and trounced them to the tune of 53-0. But the score by no means tells the tale of the game. Our men were playing not only against a team that was their superior, but also against the officials who were partial in their work against our men. Foron, seeing that Behman was a big factor in holding the men thru the line, "threw" him out of the game because of "unnecessary roughness". Several other men were treated in like manner, so the referee, with his partial actions, eliminated all chances for an equal battle. The men played their old consistent game, altho the field was like a "swamp", due to the heavy rainfall in the forenoon. But against the conditions they played their best game and proved themselves an honor to L. V. C. "It isn't the fact that you are licked that counts, but only how did you die."

Of the three great games, the most interesting and spectacular was that with the Mummienberg combination. Our team accompanied by about three dozen rooters journeyed to Allentown Sat., Oct. 15. "to bring home the scalp." Against a team that was nearly our equal, our men displayed their best, and had it not been for the untiring crying and arguing with the referee, we would have had at least seventeen more points to chalk up for our team.

The formidable combination that started the game remained in it to the very finish, with the exception of the substitution of Krause for Metoxen. The Indian injured his foot and had to be relieved in the beginning of the second half.

The game opened with L. V. receiving the kick off. Wolfe caught the ball on the 20 yd. line and went for almost 20 yards. However, on the next play, a forward pass from Cohen to Wolfe, a Muhlenberg man intercepted the ball and raced open field for a touchdown. L. V. again received the ball but were forced to punt. Muhlenberg, then, thru an aerial attack completing seven forward passes, had added seven more points to their credit. Again Lebanon Valley received the ball, but again they were forced to punt. However, the Muhlenberg left halfback fumbled the high and difficult punt, and Whistler, who was right on the job, snatched the ball and ran for a touchdown, the first touchdown of the season. Behman's toe was good for the seventh point. Thus, in less than even minutes, the score was 14-7. However, L. V. kicked off and Muhlenberg, thru a series of line plunges thru centre and by way of the forward pass route, added another seven points to their side of the scoreboard.

It was at that critical point that our men determined that they could win the game yet. They held them scoreless after that. At no other time did the opposing team threaten to make a touchdown. With the score at the end of the first half 21-7, against us, the men determined to wipe out the 14 point lead and turn what was seemingly defeat into victory.

The half opened with L. V. kicking off.

Muhlenberg was held on their twenty-yard line. The full-back for Muhlenberg attempted to punt, but Beck blocked the kick. Wuenschinski right on the job grabbed the ball in his arms and scored the second touchdown. Behman's toe again was good for the extra point. L. V. again kicked off and held the Muhlenberg team for downs on their thirty-yard line. They were forced to punt. Cohen took the ball for ten yards. Wolfe added thirteen more on an off tackle play thru the left side of the line. On the next play a forward pass, Cohen to Smith, Smith raced sixty-five yards for the third touchdown. It was a great, spectacular run, for he had to out-distance and dodge five of the Muhlenberg men. Behman again booted the goal, tying the score at 21. In the fourth quarter, Cohen, receiving the ball from the kickoff, ran thru the whole Muhlenberg team for sixty-five yards, being stopped right at the moment the goal seemed within his grasp. Wuenschinski also in completing a forward, Cohen to Wuenschinski, made a great run and was stopped after a gain of 45 yards was registered.

The team as a whole worked together in wonderful fashion. The fact that the men are training was evident, for they completely outshone Muhlenberg in strength and endurance. Often times the "gap" was too heavy for the Muhlenberg men, and substitutions had to be made.

In the last five minutes of the game, Behman tried for a field goal from placement, but failed. Muhlenberg in the last two minutes also tried for a field goal but missed it by more than a yard.

Our men outplayed the Muhlenberg team in three of the four periods, and should have had at least two more touchdowns and the field goals to their credit.

One remarkable fact to be noted is that our men played a clean game that was creditable to L. V. C., as against the Muhlenberg team, who were penalized thirty yards to our ten. The whole Muhlenberg team, the coach included, displayed very unsportsmanlike actions when they pummeled the referee as soon as the game was over. Such actions are of no credit to anyone or to any institution. Any team or school who will attempt to clinch a victory by unfair means will be awarded as the ex-Kaiser of Germany was. Our team proved on Saturday that they were able to play a clean, consistent game, that

they were able to represent the school in a respectful manner, and against the Muhlenberg team proved to be better sportsmen, players, and the better team.

Mr. William Wolfe deserves special mention for his work in the game. He was the only man in the backfield who could gain ground consistently thru the line. His defensive work also was brilliant. Cohen ran the team in a creditable, veteran style. The work of Danker on the defensive and Krause and Matoxen also stand out. The line as a whole worked together like a machine.

Muhlenberg

Holstrun, L. E.
K. Johnson, L. T.
Brewer, L. G.
Reese, C.
Hartman, R. G.
Weston, R. T.
Freed, R. E.
Crum, Q.
Fulcher, R. H. B.
Daniels, L. H. B.
Gebhart, Capt.), F. B.

Lebanon Valley

Smith (Capt.), L. E.
Behman, L. T.
Fake, L. G.
Beck, C.
Lauster, R. G.
Whistler, R. T.
Wuenschinski, R. E.
Cohen, Q.
Matoxen, L. H. B.
Wolfe, R. H. B.
Danker, F. B.

Substitutions—Taggart, for Brewer; Bachert, for Holstrun; Neubling, for Daniels; Holstrun, for Bachert; Whitenight, for Johnson; O'Conner, for Reese; Emoling, for Gebhart; Krause, for Matoxen. Touchdowns—Brewer, Freed, Gebhart, Whistler, Wuenschinski, Smith. Goals from touchdowns—Fulcher, 3; Behman, 3. Referee—Eberlee, Swarthmore. Umpire—Moffat, Penn State. Head linesman—Houck, Ursinus. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

THE SCRUBS

The Scrubs are the men who practice the varsity. They bear the brunt of the scrimmage, and put the varsity into good condition to meet the opposing team. It is to the Scrubs that the school owes much credit, for they have worked thus far this season untiringly and in a splendid manner, as was displayed in the game last Tuesday between the Varsity and the Scrubs. We learned that the Scrubs must stand each evening, the brunt of the practice, and thereby help whip the varsity into first class condition so that they can bring home the bacon when they meet other schools. One way in which they are rewarded is in playing games away from home with teams their equal.

On Saturday the Scrubs journeyed to Shippensburg and played the Normal School of that place. They were defeated by the heavy team of that place by the score of 30-0. Although defeated in the first game, they determined to get better

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Alumni Notes

ALUMNI NOTES

By Lucille Shenk

In a most interesting letter to Prof. S. O. Grimm, Edgar Hastings, '21, of the Mills School, Hawaii, tells of the life which he leads there. To Mr. Hastings the work is most interesting and the newness and unusualness of his surroundings add much to the attractions of the beautiful island. He informs us that his work occupies a great deal of his time, although he is always able to bathe at Waikiki, that place of which so many of us have heard and wondered at. Mr. Hastings has begun work for his Master's degree at the University of Hawaii. Although his time is well taken up by all these various activities, he has not forgotten his Alma Mater and the days he spent here.

Miss Olive Darling, '21, is teaching in the Township High School at her home in Chandler's Valley. She teaches English, Latin, German and Biology.

Miss Edith Stager, '21, is teaching in the High School at Clayton, New Jersey. She is Professor of English and Public Speaking.

Miss Mabel V. Miller, '21, holds a position in the High School at Sheffield, Pa.

Miss Christine Happel, '21, is teaching at Mt. Penn High School, Reading.

Misses Mary Bortner, '21, and Mary Shettel, '21, are teaching in the schools at York, Pa.

Miss Esther Miller, '21, is a member of the Hummelstown High School faculty.

Miss Ida Bomberger, '21, holds a position on the High School faculty at Minersville.

Miss Gladys Fenul, '21, is Secretary to The Registrar at Lebanon Valley College.

Mr. Grant Nitrauer, '21, is teaching in the Middletown High School.

Mr. Cyrus Shirk, '21, is Professor of History in the High School at Shillington.

Miss E. Virginia Smith, '20, is teaching in the Leesport High School.

Mr. Orville T. Spessard, '21, is a member of the faculty of the Pennsylvania Military College, at Chester.

Mr. Carroll R. Daugherty, '21, has as-

sumed his duties as Instructor and Student Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Mercersburg Academy.

Mr. John T. Cretzinger, '21, is pursuing a course of study at State College, State College, Pa.

Mr. E. E. Knauss, '07, successfully completed a summer of work as head of the Harrisburg Playgrounds. Mr. Knauss is a popular member of the Technical High School faculty, at Harrisburg, and his successful summer as director of the Playground work is to be commended.

Messrs W. Albert Brummer, '11, and M. O. Billow, '08, were recently granted the degrees of Master of Arts by Lehigh University. Mr. Miller is a member of the Technical High School faculty and is Professor of Public Speaking. Mr. Brummer is a member of the Edison Junior High School faculty, at Harrisburg.

Miss Esther Fink, '20, formerly teacher in the High School at East Stroudsburg, on Wednesday evening, October 12, became the bride of Mr. Ralph Bowman, of Lebanon. The ceremony was performed in the United Brethren Parsonage, at Annville, with Dr. I. C. Runk officiating. The young couple left to spend a week's honeymoon at Mt. Gretna, after which they will take up their residence in the Rise Apartments, Lebanon. Mr. Bowman is employed as head of the Repairing Department of Hottenstein's Garage, Lebanon.

Another Lebanon Valley College romance culminated on Saturday in the marriage of Miss Helena Maulfair, '20, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Maulfair, of Lebanon, and Norman Boudier, '19, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Boudier, also of Lebanon. The ceremony took place in the bride's home, with members of the immediate families and a few invited guests present. The ring ceremony was used, with Dr. B. F. Daugherty officiating. The home was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums. The bride was gowned in white canton crepe and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. She was given in marriage by her

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Christian Organizations

CHRISTIAN ORGANIZATIONS

The Y. M. Meeting

The Y. M. meeting proved to be the best session of the school year last Wednesday night, when more than a score of the dorm men left their studies as the clock in the tower tolled ten, and assembled in the Y. M. C. A. room. Mr. J. Arnold chairman of the Bible Study committee, has the program of the various meetings under his charge. Rev. C. W. Leach, a new ministerial student, presented the short message of the evening in a snappy manner, driving home to us the twenty steps by which a man goes to perdition and a hopeless eternity. The song-service, under the direction of Rev. Ralph Boyer, student-pastor of the Carlisle circuit, was exceptionally spirited and lively. After the circle of one-sentence prayers had been offered, the meeting came to an end.

The Y. M. C. A. wishes to extend their hearty welcome to any and all of the male students of the college to attend the meetings, held every Wednesday night at ten o'clock. Our course in selecting such an hour for the meeting may be questioned, by some, but we find that it was practically impossible to select another night, due to conflicts with various other activities and also to the fact that Sunday afternoon presents many conditions unfavorable to a Y. M. C. A. meeting. If the present spirit continues, we shall consider the devotional activities of the organization to have been a success during the year 1921-1922.

The Student Prayer Meeting

The student prayer meetings still continue to fill a vital niche in the religious activities of the college, as was manifested last Tuesday night, when a large crowd of co-eds turned out for prayer, song and fellowship. Junior night was observed when members of the third year class were given full charge of the session. Mr. Raymond Hutchinson gave a splendid talk on Optimism and Determination, follow-

ed by a series of remarks upon the same subject from the audience at large. This part of the service always forms a feature of the meetings, and everyone is invited to express themselves on any subject. The music was directed by Mr. Boyer, while Miss Pell presided at the piano. It has been announced in advance that Freshman night will be observed Tuesday night, Oct. 25, 1921, and the leaders are anxious that a large crowd greet the efforts of our future leaders in college.

GALLATIN-SNOKE WEDDING

A pretty wedding was solemnized in the United Brethren Church, Annville, Pa., at noon Wednesday, Sept. 21, when Miss M. Elizabeth Gallatin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gallatin, Annville, and Herbert R. Snoke, of Washington, D. C., were united in marriage. Rev. Runk officiated at the ceremony. Mrs. L. K. Shroyer played the Wedding March. Miss Louisa Williams, of Emaus, was the maid of honor and Mr. Errol Snoke, brother of the groom, was best man. Little Miss June Gingrich made a charming flower girl.

The bride was attired in a white georgette dress and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The maid of honor wore a turquoise blue crepe de chine and hat to match, and carried pink roses. The bride is a graduate of the Annville High School and of the class of 1918, Lebanon Valley College.

Previous to her marriage, the bride taught at Romney, W. Va., and also at Huntingdon, Pa.

The groom is a graduate of Lebanon Valley College, class of 1920, and was at that time editor-in-chief of the "Crucible."

It is interesting to note that the present "Crucible" staff attended the wedding in a body and after the ceremony assembled on the church steps and gave the following yell:—

Ach yah yah
Dunner vetter yet
Dos dem two Snokes
You chust bet. Ain't?
M. E. Y.

College Activities

THE MEN'S GLEE CLUB

The tryouts for membership in the Men's Glee Club of the college resulted in the discovering of a goodly number of fine material. The club, due to the loss of so many letter men, found itself facing dark prospects for the coming year, but Prof. Campbell, pianist and director of the organization, predicts a successful season despite the fact that half of the club will be inexperienced. Several business meetings have been held, presided over by President Adam Miller and Business Manager Daugherty, when the new men were elected and received into the club. Plans are being made for a program entirely different from that of other years, and rehearsals will be held several times each week preparatory to trips taken during the winter and spring months.

THE SENIOR HIKE

On the spur of the moment the Seniors decided to have a hike on the night of Monday, Oct. 10. Under the chaperonage of Miss Heffleman and Prof. Joseph Hollinger, the four year co-eds wended their way to Long's woods, the scene of their festivities of last year. A huge fire was built, a doggie roast and marshmallow toast followed. Grouped about the dying embers, stories were told and songs sung and parting cheers given. The countryside was awakened on our journey home when one of our husky men tolled the school house bell. For further information see Mr. Warren Fake.

The Student Volunteers

The regular weekly sessions of the student Volunteers are held each Monday night at six o'clock in the parlor of the girl's dorm. Such topics are discussed as pertain to the chosen line of work of the members which may be both helpful and entertaining. Rev. Carl Hiser, class of '22, is president of the organization and he is anxious to get into touch with any one who may be considering the foreign fields as a life work.

PHILO

A social was held after the regular meeting of the Philokasmian Literary Society on Friday evening, October 7. A special invitation had been given to the new students and many took this opportunity to give Philo the "once over".

Although short, an interesting program was given. During the social part of the evening, Carl Hiser entertained the crowd with one of his always-ready nasal solos. His work was greatly appreciated by all as shown by the hearty encore given. Refreshments and smokes were handed out and enjoyed by all but Professor Grimm, who was somewhat disappointed because of having to eat pretzels dry.

The feature of the evening was a short talk given by Professor Grimm. In this talk he brought up the suggestion of doing away with several minor organizations of the school and bringing their work into the literary society. He pointed out that each man has a certain limit of energy and the more organizations he has to divide this energy among, the less he can give to each one. The scientific, dramatic, mathematical and other lectures could be given in the literary societies with the same, if not more, benefit as is derived from them now. He gave us something to think about.

The remainder of the evening was spent in smoking and singing. The meeting broke up at an early hour with a yell for the visitors and a hearty invitation to return soon again—to stay.

We heard the other day of a new system of dealing in futures profitably practiced by a woman. She borrows eggs from all her acquaintances when they are ninety cents a dozen and returns them when they slump to fifty cents.

The young man who expects to retire from business early in life should get up early in the morning.

You who hear a great deal: Remember that you hear a great deal that isn't true.

Our Poet's Corner

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has launched an interesting year. They set a goal for a hundred members, and today report an enrollment of 101, which shows part of the girls' working spirit.

Monday evening the service for recognition of new members was held in North Hall parlor. The advisory board was present. Prof. Beatty presented the Scripture lesson, and Miss Adams offered prayer.

The famous and effective Candle Ceremony was used. Each new member lighted a red candle, signifying work and fellowship, in the large white association candle held by the president.

Miss Raab brought the girls her message, while Miss Seitz pleased the audience equally as well with a vocal solo.

The subject chosen by the president was "Youth, Work, Courage, Alertness." The girls discovered that work and play are parallel factors in the psychology of life, and work was further defined as doing that which you do not now enjoy for the sake of a future, which you clearly see and desire. It is opposed to drudgery, for that is doing under strain what you do not now enjoy, and for no end that you can now appreciate. Work is always justified by faith. Faith, holding the substance (not details) of things unseen, keeps us at our tasks. Work, best of all, rulls people out of misery and self-centered existence. Work prevents selfishness, and it is said that selfishness is the source of all sin.

We need courage to progress in the world, and we feel the girls have it now, and what we are hoping is that they keep up their courage. Courage for life then comes, when one gets out of isolation. owns, fences in a bit of the enchanted world. Such a place in the world is a job. The courage given us by our work is the Self-Reliance which Emerson has made forever glorious.

The watchword for the year must be "Alertness". The Y. W. C. A. hopes to see ahead, think ahead, suggest new ideas

and be ever ready for the call of service, a characteristic of every true youth.

We want life in its deepest sense, and have it abundantly, but we can have it only through discipleship with Jesus Christ.

WHAT COUNTS !!

Oh, it's not the amount of food you eat
that makes you healthy, strong;
And it's not the quarts of milk you drink
that makes a man live long;
But it all depends what you absorb that
keeps you going on!

Oh, it's not the amount of books you read
that make you wondrous wise;
And its not the schools you're going thru
that take you to the skies;
But it all depends on what you absorb
that gives your brain the size!

Oh, it's not the amount of rules you know
that make you do your best;
And it's not the lessons you are taught
that guide you to the crest;
But it all depends on what you absorb that
brings you grand SUCCESS!
R. Rhodes Stabley, '22.

A Freshie to his Absent Girl

I tilt this bowl
To the sweetest soul
That ever graced this earth;
The light of her eyes is the boon I prize;
No gold can measure her worth;
For the touch of her hand
I'd exchange the land,
The skies above, and the sea,
For a taste of the bliss that dwells in her
kiss—
Heaven itself, if it belonged to me.

Since it is Prof. Grimm's "private" opinion that the minor college organizations are destructive in their influence upon the literary societies, we suggest that he arrange with the Dean to break up the Mohawker's Association.

Our Science Column

ELECTRIC LIGHT 42 YEARS OLD

Interesting Facts About Edison's Invention, Anniversary of Which Is Being Celebrated This Year

By E. W. Davidson

Since man first walked the earth he has met the great needs of his daily life by trying first one thing and then another, persistently, ingeniously, until he got what he had to have. By that means he obtained food that was good for him and clothing and shelter that really protected, and light that has been handed down thru the ages, constantly increasing in brilliance and serviceability from the pine knot, the tallow-candle, the wick-in-oil and the gas burner to the incandescent electric lamp of today—the lamp whose invention 42 years ago, in October, 1879, by Thomas A. Edison, is being celebrated this year.

Research—this inquisitiveness which grew out of a man's constant striving for new and better things—embraces whole groups of professions peopled by men and women who are devoting their lives to scientific improvement of that which satisfies man's wants. And of all researches, it would be hard to find one that has resulted in so much definite benefit to mankind as that in which Mr. Edison paid so notable a part in the year 1879.

Long before 1879—in 1810—the arc lamp was devised. By 1878 it had become well established for outdoor illumination. But it was too powerful for home or office lighting. The task before the electrical researchers of the time was to “subdivide” it into units small enough for indoor use. Several men had made incandescent lamps which radiated light from a carbon rod in a partial vacuum to prevent the carbon from burning up instantly. But none of these crude lamps would burn long enough to make them practical.

Then Mr. Edison centered his remarkable talent tirelessly upon the problem in 1878. For a year he experimented, making an occasional forward step.

He thought a carbon thread would make the best filament. But it had to operate

in a more nearly perfect vacuum than any obtainable at the time. So he built a superior pump to secure such vacuum. Then he struggled for weeks to find the right sort of material to carbonize into a filament, using bamboo, cotton thread, and finally cardboard paper.

Having made his fine filament, and secured a sufficiently high vacuum in which it might operate inside a glass bulb. The next difficulty was to get a filament sealed inside the bulb. The connection between the filament and the current wire outside the bulb had to be made of some material that would expand and contract at exactly the same rate as glass in order that the glass would not crack. He produced an alloy of platinum and iridium which filled this need.

Then the first Edison lamp was made, October 21, 1879. When it was attached for a trial, employees in the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park, N. J., wagered excitedly over the number of minutes it would burn before the fragile filament broke. It burned 45 hours. Mr. Edison knew he had succeeded.

Since then other epoch making improvements have been made in the incandescent lamp. Dr. W. G. Coolidge, of the General Electric Company, in 1910 discovered how to make tungsten, that brittlest of all metals, ductile so it could be drawn out into filament of any size ranging down to a gauge six times finer than human hair and tougher than any known substance for lamp use. The tungsten lamp then replaced the far less efficient carbon lamp.

A few years ago Dr. Irving Langmuir discovered that if lamp bulbs were filled with argon, one of the most inert gases in our atmosphere, the tungsten filament would operate at even higher temperatures with even longer life. This resulted in the gas-filled lamp, which, in various forms, is one of the highest products of electric lamp makers today.

Thus, one thing and then another has been tried by experimenters in lamps, just as prehistoric man made his crude efforts in his own behalf. Constant research has

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Humor

Old Bill Not Good Enough.

Johnny had been using some very unparliamentary language, much to his mother's distress.

"Johnny," she cried, "do stop using such dreadful expressions. I can't imagine where you pick them up."

"Well, mother," replied Johnny. Shakespeare uses them."

"Then don't play with him again," commanded his mother; "he's not a fit companion for you, I'm sure."

Egg-sactly

"Waiter, I ordered chicken soup. What do you call this?"

"Chicken soup, sir—it's young chicken soup, sir."

"Young chicken soup? What do you mean by that?"

"Well, it's the water we boil the eggs in, sir."

Sassy Thing

"The man I marry must have common sense," said the haughty one.

"He won't," the other answered bitterly.

An Emergency Excuse

Farmer—"you young rascal, what are you doing up in my apple tree?"

—Boy—"Please, sir, I'm frightening away the birds, they're such awful thieves."—
Boston Transcript.

"Auntie, did you ever get a proposal?"

Once, dear. A gentleman asked me over the telephone to marry him, but he had gotten the wrong number."

Freddy. (Who has eaten his apple)—
"Let's play at Adam and Eve."

Millie—"How do we play it?"

Freddy—"You tempt me to eat your apple and I give way."

The Colonel—"So poor Mike has committed suicide, has he? Well, I should have thought that would have been the last thing he'd have done."

The Sergeant—"Indade it were, sor."

New Pet Words

He—"See that man over there? He's a bombastic ass, a nonentity, a conceited humbug, a parasite, and an encumbrance on the earth."

She—"Would you mind writing all that down for me?"

He—"Why in the world—"

She—"He's my husband, and I should like to use it on him sometime."

Never at the Aquarium

Mrs. Wilkins—Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Fox?

The New Lodger—I don't know, Mrs. Wilkins, I never attended any.

The Cut Direct

"You don't come in as frequently as you used to, Mr. Jiggs," remarked the barber.

"No," retorted the victim, "it seems that it takes my face longer to heal nowadays."

Couldn't Tell

"Do you love me still, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know, darling," replied the brute. "I never saw you that way."

She Guessed It

Lady—What's the awful odor that comes from that field?"

Farmer—That's fertilizer.

Lady—Well, for the land's sake!

Farmer—Yessum.

"No, Sah, Ah doan't neber ride on dem things," said an old colored lady looking in on the merry-go-round. Why, de other day, Ah seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth an' git off at the very same place he got on at, an' Ah sez to him, 'Rastus,' Ah sez, 'yo' spent yo' money, but whar yo been"—
Ladies Home Journal.

It isn't always the man who hurries who does the most work.

Clothes do not make the man, but a woman's clothes sometimes break him.

THE MASS MEETINGS!

The mass meetings are proving to be features of our college life and promise to be the method of awakening much college spirit and enthusiasm. Lebanon Valley College bears the distinction of being the only known institution in this state or any other, for that matter, which holds an open forum where the students and faculty may meet and discuss questions on any subject relative to college work or activity. The cheer leaders are planning new yells and songs, and if you have any suggestions, report to them at once, and your interest will be appreciated. We are all for a bigger and better Lebanon Valley!

Before

Three little vessels whose prows ripped
the sea waves,
The Pinta, the Nina, the Santa Marie—
Thought as all boldly the ploughed crests
asunder,
Braven unknown gales and the terrors of
thunder,
Mocked the great everywhere, liquid and
salt graves
Surely no vessel of bondman or free—
Ever has sailed across such a wide sea—
Ever Before.

But when stories, quite up to men's likings,
Of Leif the Lucky and Eric the Red,
Came to the ears of each who could doubt
it,
Came with such proof there was no doubt
about it,
Stories and proofs that the unlettered
Vikings
Sailed those salt deserts—old Vikings long
dead
Till all the world with those Spanish barks
said;
"Others have sailed it before."

Vainly have men o'er the sea of all knowl-
edge
Sought for a thought no one ever thought
of,
Thought when the thought came that it
was their own thought,
Labelled it theirs and a strong copyright
bought,
Eagerly looked through the wide old world-
college

To try out the fiber that all things were
wrought of,

Know what they were made of, thru who
they were bought of,

And lo! Some had thought it before

Is there a thing twixt the deep sea and
devil,

Is there a new thing somewhere 'neath the
sun—

Something that none thinks of saying or
doing,

Though new things all men are constantly
wooing,

With eyes tightly closed they their hair
will dishevel,

From the dim dawn till the day's work is
done,

In the mart, thru the plain, at ease, or
the run:

An who has not done it before?

Carl W. Hiser.

IT PAYS

To go straight, to be clean and true.

To hang on when tempted to drop out.

To do right, however unpopular at the time.

To make the most of your talents.

To look out for the man at the other end of the
bargain, even tho you could get some temporary
advantage thru some selfish deal.

To be thrifty and economical.

To keep fit, to eat wholesome food, even tho it
class of brain energy.

costs very much more, for this generates a higher

To enlarge one's viewpoint.

To keep growing, to absorb knowledge from every
possible source, for all knowledge is power.

To overlook slights.

To help others whenever we have an opportunity.

To have a high ideal.

To be generous, kind and considerate, no matter
how busy you may be, or how hard up for
money.

To study hard and acquire a good education.

To make friends and to take the time to keep
them. Many a rich man lost his friends on his
way to his fortune and has regretted it all his
later life. He would give a large part of his
fortune to get back his friends, to revive his old
friendships.

To befriend the unfortunate.

To do your work just as well as you possibly
can do it, even tho you do not get half enough
pay for it. It never pays to slight work, to shirk
one's job because one is receiving so little pay.

To speak kindly of others.

To be accurate, neat, to do everything to a
finish.

To consider one's personal appearance.

To be honest in small things as well as large.

To be loyal to those who are in authority over

To be truthful when tempted to falsify.

us.

“AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER
AFTER.”

(Continued from page 7)

the tall girl's sobbing form and drew her to the couch before the fire place.

“Why have you, my dear child, been so wrought up by a signal from me to go into a little informal chat in my drawing room? You see, I knew your father when he was a young man, and I admit that I have always admired him. When I had the opportunity to spend four years with his daughter, I immediately took advantage of the fact, and here we are.”

The were roused by a tap on the door, which when opened, proved to be Miss Bronson.

“Miss Elliot, there is a gentleman here to see Miss Eileen Reed.”

“Oh! he's come, and I want you to meet him, Miss Elliot. He's perfectly wonderful. Oh! where is he?”

She was answered by the entrance of a well-built, middle aged man, whose chestnut brown hair was slightly tinged with silver, and whose brown eyes retained the sparkling quality which gives one the impression that the heart is youthful.

“Father!” Eileen fairly fled into his arms, and for almost a minute they were in the throes of a joyful meeting.

Remembering Miss Elliot, Eileen quickly recovered herself.

“Oh! Miss Elliot, I beg your pardon. This is my father.”

Miss Elliot's face was as white as the folds of her gown as she advanced to meet the man.

“I think we have met before, Mr. Reed.”

The bronze face of the man blanched and then regained its natural color as quickly as it had lost it.

“Is it you, Louise?”

* * *

And now the trees on the campus tell other tales to the North Wind, for their fund of gossip has been well supplied since a new president is in evidence at Forsythe, and Eileen Reed has one more person in all the world.

LUCILE SHENK, '23

Among the troubles of a double life is that when one life goes to the penitentiary the other must go with it.

FOOT BALL

(Contiued from page 11)

organized and hold their heads and win all the remainder of the games on the schedule.

On Saturday, Oct. 15, the Scrubs journeyed to Lancaster and played the strong Stevens Trade School, of that place. The score (0-0) shows that the men are getting together, and we predict a string of consecutive victories in their next five games.

| Stevens Trade | Lebanon Valley |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Shaner, L. E. | Swenk, L. E. |
| Miller, L. T. | Herb, L. T. |
| Ritner, L. G. | Mumma, L. G. |
| Crawford, C. | Burtner, C. |
| Shower, R. G. | Heisey, R. G. |
| W. Stauffer, R. T. | Yoe, R. T. |
| Kerr, R. E. | Fay, R. E. |
| Long, Q. B. | Wolfe, Q. B. |
| J. Stauffer, L. H. B. | Rigle, L. H. B. |
| Boggs, R. H. B. | Bachman, R. H. B. |
| Steverling, F. B. | Nitrouer, F. B. |
| Stevens Trade | 0 0 0 0—0 |
| Lebanon Valley | 0 0 0 0—0 |

Referee—Kerbach, All-Lancaster. Linesmen—Cronish, Stevens. Umpire—Tiffam, Stevens. Time of periods—12 minutes.

ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from page 12)

father. Her sister, Miss Katherine Maulfair was maid of honor. She was attired in a yellow organdy gown. Mr. Earl Reber acted as best man. Miss Pearl Seitz, of Red Lion, a college chum of the bride, sang “My Love is Come,” and “Oh, Promise Me,” after which Miss Dora Zeitlin, '20, of Pottstown, rendered the “Bridal Chorus” from Lohengrin. Immediately after the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served, after which the young couple left for a trip to Washington, D. C.. They will be at home after the first of November at Baltimore, Md.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, 42 YEARS OLD

(Continued from page 16)

given man a better and better lamp, so that the most modern one among the four hundred million which glow every 24 hours all around the world, are giving eight times as much light for a given input of current as Mr. Edison's original lamps and the cost of lighting in 1919 was but three percent of the cost in 1881.

The Ministerium

The regular meeting of the College Ministerial Association was held last Thursday night, 6:15 P. M. in the Physics lecture room. The session was in charge of Rev. Edwin Rhoad, one of the student-pastors and president of the ministerial association. Various religious topics were discussed, followed by a series of intercessory prayers. The ministerium was considerably strengthened this year by the addition of a dozen or more new men and the prospects for this year are much brighter than those of last year. Prof. J. T. Spangler is the faculty member and his presence is a source of constant inspiration to the men.

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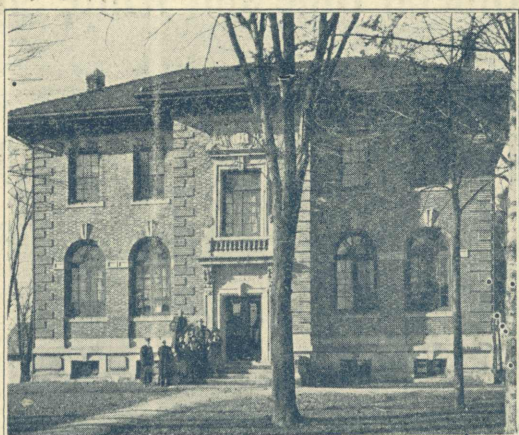
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ANNVILLE, PA.



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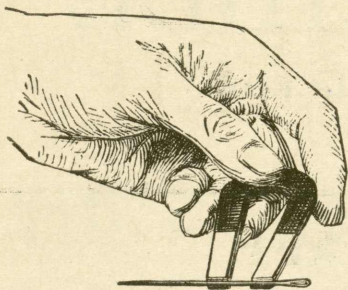
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Why Is Iron Magnetic?

A horse-shoe magnet attracts a steel needle. But why? We don't know exactly. We do know that electricity and magnetism are related.

In dynamos and motors we apply electro-magnetic effects. All our power-stations, lighting systems, electric traction and motor drive even the ignition systems of our automobiles, depend upon the magnetic effects which we use and do not understand.

Perhaps if we understood them we could utilize them much more efficiently. Perhaps we could discover combinations of metals more magnetic than iron.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company investigate magnetism by trying to find out more about electrons and their arrangement in atoms.

X-rays have shown that each iron atom consists of electrons grouped around a central nucleus—like planets around an infinitesimal sun. X-rays enable us to some extent to see into the atom and may at last reveal to us what makes for magnetism.

This is research in pure science, and nothing else. Only thus can real progress be made.

Studies of this kind are constantly resulting in minor improvements. But some day a discovery may be made which will enable a metallurgist to work out the formula for a magnetic alloy which has not yet been cast, but which will surely have the properties required. Such a result would be an achievement with tremendous possibilities. It would improve all electric generators, motors, and magnetic devices.

In the meantime the continual improvement in electrical machinery proceeds, in lesser steps. These summed up, constitute the phenomenal progress experienced in the electrical art during the past twenty-five years.

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

DEPENDABILITY

The world at large is using the modern colleges as targets for criticism and invectives. There are many business men who point with scorn to employees under their supervision who are college graduates and who do not measure up even to those who have not had a full primary education. Men like Edison question the general intelligence of the college man by pestering him with thousands of questions which have since received comment in thousands of publications thruout the country. There are those who claim to have a philosophical insight into life, and read in its pages in glowing terms the extreme superficiality of college life, dubbing it a place of dreams and impracticality. There are those who from the pecuniary standpoint declare that not only is the four years spent in college a waste of money, but also a waste of time. Others would speak of the college as a social finishing plant, and still others as a matrimonial medium.

We are in no wise attempting to defend the college against the attacks wrought upon it. We will admit that possibly all of the criticism has some truth in it, but we do say that most of the criticism has a great deal that is untrue and unfair, not to say overdrawn. We will admit that the colleges in themselves are powerless, that they cannot or do not say they can produce real men or women. However, they are in a position to develop potentialities and possibilities—but these powers which lie dormant within college men and women must be developed by the men and women themselves with the assistance of the college. Hence, we resent any criticism on the colleges themselves; we will not recent merited criticism on the students.

Probably, our life here at Lebanon Valley is superficial. You will not get a prize for saying this for the first time, for it has been reiterated many, many times. Tak-

ing a peek under the surface of our existence here—this applies universally as well as locally—among several glamoring deficiencies seen there stands one possibly more prominent than any other. It is Un-dependability.

Much of the tragic history of the world centers about one who did not prove to be dependable at the time when that quality was needed most. It is the one asset that the great employers of the world are seeking for among the men in their employ—positions are waiting for the man who is reliable and trustworthy, and whose promise is gold. Talent itself is often discounted for the possession of these qualities.

Whether college environment with its freedom of thought and speech and freedom from many bonds of actual responsibility and necessity has grafted this streak into the natures of so many of us opens a question for dispute. Why each

(Continued on Page 19)

OUR APOLOGY

We wish to take this opportunity to apologize for a statement made in the last issue of the college Crucible under the special feature article of "Some Sophomore Observations" in reference to the dean of women, Madame Green. It is our purpose in this column to offer little "hits and misses" concerning life on the campus with a view to humor rather than to criticism. And we feel sure that the statement was written with only this intent and purpose. However, it has appeared more rash in print than was anticipated, and we are willing to admit that it was a joke carried too far. We are sorry for this expression. Yet it can be said with the utmost sincerity that nothing of prejudice or ill-will exists on the part of the editor or the writer of the "Observations" toward our dean.

R. RHODES STABLEY.

The Mirror

Again let us invite you to become a contributor to this page of the Crucible. It is your privilege to express your opinion on any matters around here, and we want you to express it. It has occurred to us that you would possibly rather express your sentiments to certain members of the faculty than to the staff. This will be perfectly acceptable, and you may rest assured that none of the professors will disclose your name to us as long as they regard your remarks as having foundation. Be it blame or praise,—speak!

* * *

The Men's Senate should be commended for the manner in which it supervised the annual tug-of-war last Thursday. Everything was done with precision and fairness, and gone about in a businesslike manner. The crowd was handled unusually well, and all possible interference from the sidelines—as was the complaint in former years, was avoided. Both Sophomores and Freshmen have commented upon the fairness of the affair, and both unite in singing the praises of the officials in charge. Keep up the good work!

* * *

Our hats are off at last to the freshmen! Our first impressions of the motley crew were not very favorable. They were scared—naturally, so were we—but they seemed to lack the old-time freshie pep and punch. But like a bolt out of a sky they have entered upon a period of reconstruction. It was their fine fighting spirit and organization which won for them the tug-of-war. They deserved to win, for although outweighed and inexperienced, and handicapped in position for the last tug, they showed nerve and determination seldom equalled in the first year classes. We must commend them, too, for their knowledge of the college yells and songs, and their fine enthusiasm in the chapel mass meetings.

* * *

Some weeks ago when the Department to be known as the Mirror was opened as a forum for the free expression of indi-

vidual views on matters of interest and concern to faculty and students, high hopes were held that much constructive material would be handed to the editor and his assistants for publication. Since that time almost all material presented has been of the “knocking” type, and in some cases the motive of the writer was personal rather than impersonal.

* * *

As far as I know, we are not a group of disgruntled individuals looking for a “fault to find” and neither are we a “Sleeping Beauty” smiling in our repose. But if we are conscious of anything as a group, it is that we are a virile, growing group of college men and women eager for expression. The two classes without expression are the dead and the asleep.

* * *

Our athletes have been the object of praise on several occasions this year. Here is what one of our worthy Seniors has to say of them: Our Alma Mater can well be proud of her past history. But it is the history in the making that interests us mostly. The football season is half over, and as we look back over the uphill fights in which L. V. so nobly contended, we cannot help but admire the men who wear the football armor.

We particularly notice the clean-cut type of men constituting our football material. They see the laws of truth and goodness, and bring themselves to duty with an utter indifference to consequences. Their unfailing devotion to L. V. C. tends to make them an excellent example for all of us. On the gridiron they strike hard, swiftly and fearlessly, and on the campus they are gentlemen in every respect. You will go a long ways until you find a better class of athletes and conscientious students. Let us unite in unselfish praise to those who are deserving.

* * *

Come on! Let us express our minds freely, but let us weigh our words and our opinions and strive to make a constructive criticism that shall not savor of a personal prejudice or jealousy.

Our Short Story

THE BLACK DOMINO

(By Man O' War)

I am a very unassuming young man, and in no wise do I wish to bring any of my affairs to public gaze, but at the persistent entreaties and pleadings of my friend, Hale Bradley, I have decided to put down on paper the story of my adventure three weeks ago, on Mardi Gras. Now mind you, I do not have any hopes that this will get into print, but Hale says I simply must write; and I, docile, and bending my will to his, now therefore do so.

Well, it was like this: About three weeks ago on Monday night, Hale and I came home after spending the evening at the club. We sat near the fireplace and smoked and talked, Hale telling me that he had been called away on business, and so we couldn't have our good time for tomorrow as planned. You see, tomorrow was to be Mardi Gras, and every true son of New Orleans knows what that means. It means life and living. Hale and I had planned to have a good time on Mardi Gras, but as hard luck would have it, he had been called away. Well, we sat there and talked awhile, and finally Hale left, leaving me alone with my thoughts. After a while, a good inspiration struck me. I would have a good time by myself. I would go out in costume, and mix with the merry makers. After thinking over this, I finally decided to turn in, and it wasn't long before I dropped off to sleep.

The sun arose bright and beautiful and looked down on a wonderful fairy city, all bedecked with ribbons, streamers, flags, lanterns, bunting, flowers, and every imaginable decoration. Merry makers flocked the streets. I jumped out of bed, quickly washed and dressed and ate breakfast. After having eaten, I went upstairs, and looked through an old trunk, and found what I was looking for—a costume, an old black domino, which I had worn to some affair or other. I quickly donned that, and went out in the streets, and soon was lost in the crowd of frolickers. But after roaming through the crowds, watching

some frolickers here and there, the whole affair finally bored me. I wished that I hadn't been so foolish, and that I had done something else. A pretty, little, yellow-haired French doll passed me, then a cowboy and with him a Spanish senorita, an angel, a pierrot, an Indian, a negro, a clown, a pierrette. All these passed by, and gave me just a passing interest. I was standing on the corner of a street, pondering what to do, when the little pierrette whom I had noticed a few minutes before, came up to me and peered at me intently; then, after looking around cautiously, handed me a package and whispered: "Deliver this to the address written on the outside." This awoke me from my lethargy, and before I could utter a word she had vanished in the crowd. I made a dash after her, and all to no avail—she was gone. Well, so something had happened after all! Then I wished I had taken more notice of her. I had noticed that some black strands of rebellious hair had escaped from under her hat, and also that, from the eye-slits of her mask, two black eyes sparkled, but that was all I remembered. Well, Old Man Adventure got down into my bones, and stirred me up. I felt that right before me was something to do. I thought there was just one place to begin at, and that was to deliver the package. It was just an ordinary package—a square box wrapped in brown paper, and written on the outside was: "Mr. M. D. Dumas, 215 Crescent Ave., City." "Wonder what relation of hers he is," thought I. I pushed my way through the crowds, and finally, when I arrived at Pine street, a rather unimportant part of the town, I stopped to gasp for breath and wonder where on earth Crescent Avenue could be. I made many inquiries from passersby, yet no one knew of Crescent Avenue. "O, gosh," I thought, "after all, what's the use,—it's only a joke, anyway." But I kept on asking people, when finally a funny looking old man told me that there was such a place out near the bridge. I had a big notion to give it all up and go home, but Old Man Adventure wouldn't let me. He gave me a good kick, and on I

went. Well, would you believe it, after I had walked fourteen squares I found it,—a little back street which seemed that the people who lived there might never have stirred from its narrow limits.

Goodness knows, I had enough trouble finding that particular number, 215, but I finally did, and what a queer house greeted me! It was of yellow brick, with a huge door, and very high steps, and large windows which were boarded up. Under my breath I cursed myself as a fool, feeling like kicking myself for going on this wild goose chase, for any person could see that this house was vacant. But some little voice inside of me urged me to ring the door-bell just for fun, and so I boldly (though I felt like an idiot) walked up the steps and rang the bell. I waited for a few minutes, when, to my utter surprise (and pleasure), I heard a noise within, and finally the door was opened, and a little, gray-haired man peered at me. "Come in," he said in a squawky voice, and I walked in. I found myself in a dimly lighted bare hall. "Come in here," said the old man, and I was shoved into a little room. It was a living room, very cozy, and wholly inviting. "Sit down," said the old man, "and I'll call Henri." "O don't bother," I thought, wishing that I hadn't carried this affair so far, but then remembering that I had been wishing for an adventure. I had a wild idea to leave before meeting Henri, but just then a tall, dark, distinguished, foreign looking man entered, followed by a girl—I believe the prettiest girl I had ever seen. She wasn't very tall, with big, black, snapping eyes, beautiful black, curly hair, an adorable Grecian nose, rosebud lips and—. But Henri was staring at me rudely, and said: "Well, Maurice, you may take off that costume now. It won't be necessary to wear that in here. At last I was to be disclosed. I trusted to fate and said in a trembling voice: "No, I won't take off my costume, because I must soon go." The sentence sounded awkward and blunt, but my senses had been dazed—but I don't believe in love at first sight. "Well, remove your mask, so we can talk." I hesitated, and then Henri blurted out: "O, the game's up; we know you are not Maurice, it has all been a mistake. I suppose you, blundering idiot you, have examined the contents of the package." "On the contrary," I coolly remarked, "I have

not examined the contents of the package." "Well, get out, and keep your mouth shut, or it will be the worse for you." I glanced at the girl near him, and saw that she was trembling, but seeing no other alternative I walked to the door, when a scream from the girl made me turn around to see Henri with upraised club, about to crack my head. I jumped aside before the blow fell, and then we grappled together. First he had the advantage and then I had, and then he, then I, until finally giving an unexpected twist, I freed myself from his grasp and picked up a chair and dashed it upon his head. He crumbled up in a heap, and the girl, who had been standing in one corner during the struggle, ran to his side. "O, you have killed him," she sobbed. "No, I haven't either, he's just unconscious." Then her manner changed. "O, I almost forgot," she whispered, "someone, no doubt, has heard the noise, and will be here in a minute; go, go quickly before you are caught." Her eyes sparkled, and I thought I had never seen a more beautiful person, as she looked up into my eyes and pleaded that I hurry. Her anxiety about me gave me a feeling of self-importance, and also a desire to stay and protect her. "Before I go," I said, "tell me, are you the girl who gave me this package?" She hesitated, then went on quickly: "O, monsieur, it is a long story. I can not tell you, as you must go. I was supposed to give this package to a man in a black domino, standing at the corner of Spruce and Walnut at 2.15. As fate had it, you happened to be there before the real man appeared, hence you were given the package. Later D—, I mean, the other man in the domino, saw me on the street, and I realized my mistake. I was supposed to leave town, and that was the reason I couldn't deliver it myself. Then when I realized my mistake, I came back here to tell them of my mistake, but O—O—I must stop. I—I am tired, I am tired of it all. I am going away where they will never, never see me again. But, monsieur, you are in danger. Go, please go, before it is too late." She almost pushed me through the door. Then we heard a door slam in another room, and she pulled me through the hall to the front door. "Now go; hurry, monsieur." "But, please let me help you,—I want to," I said.

(Continued on Page 19)

The Faculty Page

At the General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ held at Indianapolis last May, Dr. R. R. Butterwick, professor of Education and Philosophy of our college, was appointed chairman of the committee to revise and rewrite the church discipline. The committee—consisting of Dr. Butterwick, Dr. J. P. Landis, professor of Hebrew in Bonebrake Seminary; Dr. W. G. Clippinger, president of Otterbein College; Prof. A. A. Maipilles, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Dayton, and Mr. E. L. Shuey, financier—has been delegated four years to the work, and has held its first preliminary meeting October 29, 1921, at Dayton, Ohio, where the various departments of the work have been distributed among the committeemen. The next meeting will be held next spring, when the first collection of material will be assembled prior to waiting for instructions and suggestions from the conference all over the United States. Dr. Butterwick's position as chairman of this committee imposes much responsibility upon him, as well as a true recognition of his worth on the part of the highest church officials.—Editor.

* * *

One of the greatest inspirations to an alumnus who returns to L. V. or who happens to be fortunate enough to reside within the shadows of the walls of his Alma Mater is to find a spirit of optimism and good will prevailing among the student body. In the days before the war, we were accustomed to the family spirit in our halls. Everyone was a brother and a unit in a structure which was unique—a social structure unsurpassed and unrivalled in its sphere and function. However, with the draining of our leaders into the necessary channels of warfare this system decayed—but, thank heaven, it decayed only temporarily. This year we are back in full swing, even more so than last year. The "pep" and spirit is up to par, the organization, co-operation and loyalty of the student body is very commendable. The faculty severally and as a whole have voiced their opinions of the splendid type of class work that is being done in their various departments. Everything is in-

dicative of a banner year—a year that will stand as a beacon light for the future.

Let us continue as we have begun, and we shall undoubtedly redevelop that spirit which has always characterized Lebanon Valley in the past and makes her memory dear to every alumnus.

* * *

It may be of interest to the student body to know that our own Professors Beatty and Wagner, together with two of the Senior boys, Mr. Rhodes Stabley and J. Russel Bowman, contemplate crossing the Atlantic this coming summer. They will make an extended trip through Europe, stopping in Germany to see the great passion play "Oberamergau." A great part of their tour will be made by bicycle, and they expect to take in all the historical places of interest. Can you imagine these two dignified professors pedaling their way through the picturesque lanes of Italy, and the rocky ways of Switzerland? So let us be lenient, fellow students, and if we sometimes discover our idealistic English professor, or our practical mathematics teacher gazing dreamily into space, we must forgive them, for we know they are looking ahead into the future, when they shall be worldly wise tourists, "Somewhere in France."

* * *

I may but express the wish that the Crucible shall achieve the height of excellence during the present school year, that it may be the best exponent of the whole life of Lebanon Valley, and that it may be a constant inspiration to every department, and in every college activity. Any good word and suggestion touching Greek and the Bible will be greatly appreciated by the head of the department, and we believe, by all who value the classics and the Bible as indispensable factors in complete education.

* * *

According to the number of times Professor Grimm calls the Seniors "Returned Empties" on a Monday morning, one would think he had worked in a brewery at some time or other in his career. Too bad, these are prohibition days, professor!

Our Special Features

FIT'S TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES

III. Fillydelphia

I had always heard right much about Fillydelphia, so I decided that I'd take a little run over to see the town. I heard as how Benjamin Franklin, the illustrated inventor of the kite, got his wife by goin to a bake shop, gettin a cents worth of buns and comin out on the street to flirt at the women until he found the one he wanted. I wanted also to make a sure job of it, so in this day of higher prices in bread I thought I'd better get 5cts. worth of buns, which I did. I guess I didn't know Bens trick quite right or sumthin, fer I saw a many a one Ida been willing to a had, but as they say at fashionable doins, it didnt seem to be mutuelle.

It may of been that the brand of women Ben had are all dead, married or moved away. Least ways I didnt see any.

I wore my straw hat down the street an one big stiff who looked as if he was a huntin trubble in the right part of the town ventured up to me an said Hay feller, your liable to get your hat smashed. I sed politely, Whool smash it an after sizin himself up a bit he decided to march on. It was the day after straw hats went out of date, but all the rest I past seemed glad to abide by the decision of the boy who saved his life by movin on.

One feller walked up an said Brother, I avent ad anything to eat since last night. I said neether have I, an he saw also that I wasnt as green as I might of looked with my straw hat on.

Fillydelphia is still the city of Brotherly Love as long as the visitors do all the lovin, but I ain't built that way.

They have a street in Fillydelphia called Broad Street. One guy said they carried another street over an put the two side by side. Well I guess he knows. He looks as if he might of did it hisself.

I went round to Betsy Ross's home an heard she was away. I told em I'd call later. I stood in Independence Hall, where Christopher Columbus cried out in the

Spanishamerican war Give me "Fillydelphia or give me death."

Later on I went to Mr. Wanamaker's store and he took me upstairs where I could see the town better. When I got on the roof it looked like I might of been down on the ground again, as they had a race track, a tennis ground, a board walk, a wireless telegraph an a crowd of folks who acted as if they hadnt ever been in a town before. Inside of Mr. Wanamaker's store they had a big steam piano like you see at circuses. It started playing at eleven o'clock and its noises were carried all through the big store through something that looked like gold sewer pipes, but I reckon they aint any such.

Your own and onlv.

DAVID FIT.

AS WE SEE YOU

*To the Seniors

By ???

"Oh wad the power the gods could gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

They say that when Nature endows a man with a wonderful gift, she demands that he make up for it in some other way.

A genius walks among us. Here is a man who can in a few short minutes compose a poem which makes us thrill to our very souls with the wonder of it, or in the same short space can write a sketch that makes us laugh until our sides hurt. Nor is this the full extent of his powers, for (he is one of our ministerial friends) when he preaches he is a veritable "silver-tongued orator." But as has been mentioned before, Nature demands her recompense. Let a girl kid him a little, or a fellow rasz him a bit, and this chap is pitifully helpless. And he is shy, of course, and oh, so bashful (with girl folks he doesn't know). I believe that he is a sentimentalist. I believe that he takes long walks by himself or, in other words, is a victim of moods. The fact is, that

(Continued on Page 19)

SOME SOPHOMORE OBSERVATIONS

By ???

That was a capital suggestion about the literary societies and our parasitic organization. But we note that the Scientific Society is already defunct, and that the Math Round Table seems to be too tottering to continue its existence thruout this term. We've nothing to say about the Dramatic Society.

The literary societies, however, have been again infused with that extensive energy that characterized them years ago. The recent programs have been rendered with an enthusiasm which approaches that of a new religion. Among the ladies a new society is being established, the old one wishing to have more competition. Thy counsel, O wise and immortal Soggy, was verily the vision of a true prophet!

* * *

Why is it that we chemists must sit in chapel and listen to fairy tales about the New York garbage? Fairy tales belong to literature, not to religion.

* * *

It is with the greatest satisfaction that we note that "The Dearborn Independent" is no longer on the reading tables in the library. Perhaps some day the intolerance which keeps Darwin's books out of the library will also be buried.

* * *

No matter how much this college may miss mazuma, it maintains a monstrous amount of mush—much too much mush. We must masticate mush for our morning meal. We must mind the master when he mimics the mush of the medieval makers of mush that made English Literature so mushy. The men mete out many measures of mush on Wednesdays and Sundays. Many a man's mind is mostly mush. Mush is what many a maid's mind mostly manages not to miss. It's all too much mushy! Thank Josh, in the science class there is no mush!

* * *

Why doesn't our college have an emblem? How about a red lion?

* * *

Why were our rooms inspected? Did we come to college to learn the trade of housemaid?

THE SHIP THAT DIDN'T COME IN

There he sat by the side of the ocean while the tide came rolling in,
And he strained his eyes to the far-off west
—his ears heard not the din
Of the crashing waves as they struck the rocks along the barren shore—
He was watching the sea with its wide expanse; he had watched thus oft before.

With a leaden heart and a heavy sigh he bowed his head in grief,
Consolation he got from the deafening roar of the billows along the reef;
With despair on his face and with tears in his eyes, he beheld the death of day;
For the blanket of night had dropped on the deep and wiped his hopes away.

Then in loud angry words did he damn the world and bemoan his luckless fate,
And he blamed his friends and he cursed his foes, and the rich, the poor and the great.
For in vain had he looked for his ship to come in, so fair and fine and free,
Yet he failed to recall that the ship of his dreams had never been sent to sea.

Rosy complexions seem natural to the organic chemistry students working with alcohol. Quite natural!

* * *

How does it happen that the Y. M. left out the dates of the Scientific Society and the Math Round Table in the a-line-a-day part of the Freshman Bible? They need the advertisement, poor things!

* * *

Recently when we asked for the latest issue of the "North American Review" at the library we were given the October issue of two years ago. But the encyclopedias are even farther behind in the race of time.

We pray thee to be sent some new encyclopedias! Amen!

A coward is the man who commits a lot of "bonehead plays and then blames his misfortunes on the Lord.

A man who admits that he doesn't know much probably is the kind who will eventually learn a great deal, and be very useful.

Athletics

J. D. DAUGHERTY

ST. JOHN'S

On Saturday, October 22, our varsity, after having held the strong Muhlenberg aggregation to a tie score, were confronted with an equally efficient, strong team, namely that of St. John's College of Annapolis, Md. This particular team has had a quite successful season, for only the Saturday before the contest with our wearers of "blue and white" they had trimmed the strong Maryland State team 7-3. So our men had to play their best brand of football to defeat them.

The game opened with St. John's receiving the ball. After holding them for three downs they punted. Wolfe received the ball and made 20 yards. The team then got started. However, after they had advanced the ball to the twenty-yard line they were held for downs, and St. John's punted. Again our fellows, thru a series of line plunges and forward passes, took the ball to the twenty-yard line, and were again held for downs. St. John's punted. Thus during the first and second quarters our gallant warriors outplayed and outpunted the opposing team, but always failed to cross the goal line to ring up the score. St. John's line was weak compared to our formidable defense. However, it seemed in the first half as though the St. John's line held at the critical moment, thus preventing a score. Every time our team got in possession of the ball they threatened to score, but seemed to lack the "punch" to take it over. The first half ended with the score 0-0.

The second half began with L. V. receiving the ball. Danker made ten yards. Wolfe made fifteen more. On a forward pass, Behman to Homan, Homan made forty-five yards. He had crossed the goal before he was tackled, but because of having stepped out of bounds on the eighty-yard line, the ball was put into play there. Wolfe on the next play went over for the first and only touchdown of the game. Behman missed the goal.

Again the wearers of "Blue and White" received the kick-off and started down the field. However, on the thirty-five yard line Behman tried for a field goal. The kick was blocked and Behman recovered the ball and was downed on the thirty yard line. Again he tried for a field goal but failed. St. John's punted, and the team started down the field. But the quarter ended with the ball on our own forty-yard line.

In the last quarter the team seemed to have put on extra endurance for the St. John's players were completely outplayed. Quite a number of substitutions were made by them. Again our valiant heroes started toward another touchdown. On a forward pass, Behman to Wuenschinski, forty yards was made. Cohen substituted for Wolfe, and on the next play fumbled. St. John's punted the ball, and Cohen returned it for thirty yards. Homan made a first down. The game ended with the ball in our possession on St. John's thirty-yard line.

The calibre of game put up by our team was practically the same displayed by them during the fore part of the season. At no time did the visitors threaten to score. On the whole, the game was hotly contested, with our men displaying the fact that they were better trained and knew more football. They played together in real mid-season form. No one in particular starred. "Heinie" Homan, having recovered fully from the injuries sustained in the game with Georgetown, was back at "quarter". Wolfe also played a fine offensive game. Behman in particular on the line showed his old time form, and greatly helped to suppress the attempted line plays. The team as a whole pleased the student body greatly, and the cry for more home games is being heard more than ever. Surely such a loyal student body should be afforded the privilege of seeing our team in action at least once more this season. We yearn to see Dickinson fall before our representatives on the Gridiron.

Game With Villanova

The next game played by our varsity on the 29th of October proved to be a disappointment both to the team and the student body. The Villanova game was played at Norristown. We expected our team to emerge victorious notwithstanding the fact that Villanova has the heaviest, best and strongest team in years. Thus far this season they have not been defeated. Therefore of course they determined to add our scalp to their string of victories. Was it because of the lack of determination, or were they too much elated over the previous Saturday's victory to come thru with the bacon. However, the breaks of the game were against our team, and coupled with the lack of punch and consistent playing, the score 41-7 was recorded against them. It was a sad story. The whole team had an off day, altho at times they were able to go right through the Villanova line for first downs, and our line on the defense performed like a stone-wall. But inconsistency in keeping up the good work spelled defeat for us.

The next game is that with Juniata, on Nov. 5, at Huntingdon. Since this team is comparatively weak, we expect an easy victory. But the next Saturday, Nov. 12, we expect to defeat Lehigh at South Bethlehem. Forgetting the distasteful defeats

the past, and remembering only the victories, let us renew our determination to "win" or "die" in each of the remaining games. It can be done if we try. Score:

| Lebanon Valley | St. John's College |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Smith, L. E. | Everstein, L. E. |
| Behman, L. T. | Smith, L. T. |
| Sake, L. G. | Sack, L. G. |
| Beck, C. | Feinberg, C. |
| Lauster, R. G. | Beath, R. G. |
| Whistler, R. T. | Alexander, R. T. |
| Wuenschinski, R. E. | Banfield, R. E. |
| Homan, Q. B. | Gregg, Q. B. |
| Krause, L. H. B. | Wagner, L. H. B. |
| Wolfe, R. H. B. | Tickel, R. H. B. |
| Danker, F. B. | Bassett, F. B. |

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| Lebanon Valley | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0-6 |
| St. John's College | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-0 |

Touchdown—Wolfe. Referee—Taggart, Rochester. Linesman—Houck, Ursinus. Umpire—Ziegler, Lebanon. Time of periods—15 minutes.

THE SCRUBS

After a rest of one week the Scrubs again got into action on the home field against one of the strongest town teams

in Dauphin county, namely Enhaut A. C. Although the score was 7-7, the brand of football put up by the Scrubs was nearly equal to that of the varsity. They outplayed a team heavier than our varsity in every department of the game. The backfield deserves especial mention because of their offensive work. Grumbine, the fullback, starred. The score at the end of the first half was 0-0. In the third quarter, however, the visiting team, on a series of line plunges went over the goal line for their only score. But the Scrubs came back strong in the last period and also crossed the goal line. Robert Yake was the hero of the game, for he it was who snatched the fumbled ball and ran twenty-five yards for a touchdown. To the Scrubs, who take the bumps and bear the strain of the training so well, much praise is due. They grind all week until the varsity are in shape for their game, and then they attempt to win themselves. Each individual who puts his time and energy into the practice each evening of the week will, if he works earnestly and sincerely, reap more reward than the palms of victory. He will attain an experience that will be very valuable to him in his after life. Let us therefore as a student body back up each scrub and varsity player with just the same kind of vim the undefeated Scrubs displayed on Saturday.

THE TUG-O-WAR

Oh, yez! Lend ye a helping ear to this tale of woe, and let your conscience be your guide. To the class of 1924 do we bid our most humble respects. As students and fighters, they may be among the elite set, but in a contest in which BEEF, BRAWN and BRAINS predominate, they'd make good bartenders, and they are about as useful as bartenders are today.

Our first bath in the "Quittie" merely made us feel at home. The Sophs had unknowingly trained us to be used to dampness (Chemically speaking H₂O) during our first week at L. V. C. It is a well known fact that every man can do better work when he feels at home; hence we walked off with the second and third pulls. It takes those husky farmer and mountain boys to conquer the flabby gentlemen of the cities (emphasis on the gentle).

A little matter of pulling up hill does not
(Continued on Page 19)

Alumni Notes

By LUCILE SHENK

The Crucible Staff will be pleased to have any communications from Alumni for publication in this column. The Alumni department, of which Miss Lucille Shenk is managing editor, is working hard to present interesting news from week to week and will appreciate any news from the alumni themselves. Lebanon Valley wants you to feel that she is interested in you, and she wants you to feel the same about her.—Editor.

* * *

Prof. S. O. Grimm is in receipt of a very interesting letter from an old graduate of Lebanon Valley, Class of 1911, and we are sorry that we will be unable to publish it in these columns. It comes from Prof. E. A. Spessard, the composer of some of our most popular school songs. The first two years after his graduation, he spent studying botany at the University of Chicago, where he received the Master of Science degree, and was also elected to the Sigma Xi fraternity. He has had work published in the Botanical Gazette, and is a regular contributor to its review columns. At the present time he is teaching biology in the Junior College at Joliet, Ill.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Glasgow, formerly of Altoona, Pa., are now making their home in York, Penna., where Mr. Glasgow is in the employ of the Penna. R. R. Co. Mrs. Glasgow before her marriage was Margaret Myers, of the class of 1916.

* * *

Prof. Stanley Oldham, '08, has been elected principal of the public schools at West Chester, Pennsylvania. He has done splendid work in the New England schools, and Pennsylvania is glad to have him back as a successful educator.

* * *

Josephine Mathias Shannon, '16, of Davton, O., has been elected Secretary of Literature of the Women's Missionary Association of the United Brethren Church.

* * *

Miss Nancy Margaret Miller, '16, is head of the Latin department of the Pleasantville High School, New Jersey.

Rev. F. Berry Plummer, '05, who has been pastor of the United Brethren church at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Conference recently was selected as pastor of his home church at Hagerstown, Maryland. This move is indeed significant, in that the Hagerstown church is considered one of the strongest in the Conference. Rev. Plummer is indeed to be congratulated upon the splendid condition in which the Carlisle church is at present, and his many efforts to develop and build it up have indeed come up to the expectations of his many friends.

* * *

Rev. J. E. Kleffman, '89, has resigned as pastor of the Baltimore United Brethren church, and has accepted a position as secretary of the Quincy Orphanage. Rev. Kleffman has served long and faithfully in the capacity of minister of the gospel, and the Crucible sends its best wishes with him as he enters into his new work.

* * *

Rev. I. Moyer Hershey, '03, of Myerstown, is attending the Erie Conference, at Erie, where he is giving a series of Bible lectures. Rev. Hershey is unusually well known in this section of the country, having been pastor of the Myerstown United Brethren church for a number of years. He is splendidly prepared to take up this work, and we wish him great success in this new phase of his work.

* * *

Miss L. Mae Horner, '10, recently returned from Freetown, in West Africa, where she has been devoted to missionary work. Miss Horner has been specializing in Domestic Art, and at the present time is pursuing a course in the Higher Arts at Columbia University.

* * *

Mr. Norman Risser, ex-'23, is attending Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster.

* * *

Prof. Deleth Weidler, '09, is also pursuing a course of study at Columbia University.

Christian Organizations

JOINT SESSION Y. W. AND Y. M.

Last Sunday, Y. W. and Y. M. enjoyed their first joint session of the year. The spirit of the meeting tended towards missions. Miss Ida Trout, chairman of the Missionary Committee, and leader for the day, had a very interesting program planned. We were favored in having three faculty members on the program. Prof. Sherk brought the prayer of the day; Miss Adams read for us a charming and appealing Scottish selection, and Professor Beatty held our attention with his unusual zeal in his short talk. Those present would gladly have heard more of what he had to say concerning the humor of the Bible. In the few short minutes Prof. Beatty fully convinced us with his ever direct and thoughtful phrases that Jesus was fond of humor and enjoyed being happy as much as any earthly being. We plainly see the need to carry sunshine wherever we go, and that a true Christian is ever smiling and happy.

Miss Stark's piano solo was well rendered. Miss Seifried brought us an unexpected pleasure by her beautiful and pleasing vocal solo.

Much praise is due the Missionary Committee and the cause in which they are particularly interested, and we shall be glad to come back soon again to a similar joint program.

THE STUDENT PRAYER MEETINGS

The student prayer meetings continue full of vitality and rich enthusiasm, and are largely attended by the students. The programs the past several weeks have been rendered very interesting by having class nights, coming to a conclusion when the Freshmen held sway Tuesday night, October 26. Mr. C. W. Leach, a yearling with ministerial ambitions, gave a short, splendid talk with an inspirational keynote. Miss Nissley rendered an appealing violin solo, while Miss Hostetter presided at the piano. Mr. Arnold, the prayer meeting leader, is planning a number of attractive sessions for the coming winter months in

preparation for the revival which is being arranged for. You are invited, you are needed to make the meetings successful!

In a most inspiring and effective address in chapel last Wednesday morning, Mrs. J. Hal Smith held the student body spellbound. She spoke on the verses which declare that in "Him are all things become as new," and in substantiation of her remarks told a story of the New York Garbage and its remarkable transformation into perfume, soaps, and other toilet articles. Analyzed in action, she is a bundle of enthusiasm for the cause for which she has sacrificed her life, and therein lies the secret of her success. Her personality is not above the average, she has no ringing, melodious voice, but she has belief in the purpose for which she is struggling, and that belief carries the conviction that holds any one who comes within the reach of her voice. And—she has developed the power of sizing up human nature. And then she is an observer, whereas most of us are only on-lookers.

Within the very near future a local campaign in compliance with a world-wide campaign will be put on here at Lebanon Valley College for the purpose of extending relief to those students of other lands who are struggling for an education against almost insurmountable odds. The World's Student Christian Federation of which we are a member has launched the campaign, and they are asking us for whatever contribution we may wish to make. The money will go—every last cent of it—toward the education of students in Europe in the various schools and colleges. To become a part of such a notable and worthy movement will insure our place among those colleges whose spirit is philanthropic and unselfish. Surely, you want to do your own part—be it a dime, a quarter or a half dollar! You will be asked for your contribution some morning as you leave chapel, and your gift will be appreciated.

Bishop and Mrs. Arthur Clippinger announce the birth, recently, of a son, Malcolm Mills Clippinger.

College Activities

THE SCHOOL HIKE

The School hike, under the auspices of the Y. M. and the Y. W., last Monday afternoon and evening, proved to be very successful, a large crowd of co-eds turning out with heavily loaded boxes under their arms. Under the capable chaperonage of Prof. Joseph Hollinger and Miss Heffleman, the small "army" proceeded toward the Water Works, several miles north of Annville. Hungry mouths demanded the lunch, and it was not long until the "eats" were a matter of paper and boxes. The more ambitious members of the males present set about to kindle a fire with the refuse of paper and boxes. A raid on a corn shock in close proximity precipitated the advent of two infuriated owners thereof, with the result that the proceedings from thereon waxed very interesting, not to say entertaining. After a lengthy verbal conflict, with neither side seeing the point that the other was trying to impress, the fire was extinguished and the L. V.-ites disconnected themselves from the premises. It seems not to have been the damage that the farmer sought payment for, but rather the idea, and for the idea he wanted,—well, for further information, see Prof. Hollinger! ! ? ? ! !

THE ANNUAL TUG-OF-WAR

....In what proved to be one of the most interesting physical combats seen hereabouts in recent years, the ten husky members of yearling tug-of-war team towed the struggling Sophs across the line two out of three starts. With everybody set, the rope taut, Freshies located on the east bank of the historical Quittie, the Sophs deposited on the west side, the crack of the pistol announced the beginning of the titanic under-classmen struggle. After a few minutes of deadlock, the yearling athletes succumbed little by little, until the day greeted each one of them with a splash cool, invigorating waters of a cold October day greeted each one of them with a splash and an ugh.

In a few minutes, with sides changed, the Freshies, warned by one wet experience, and aided by an advantage of position, got sweet revenge for their emulsion. This time the Sophs did the splashing and the ughing.

And now for the last and deciding pull, the twenty tug artists assembled on the west side of the stream, with nothing more dangerous separating them than an innocent chalk line. In the tense opening moments of the fray, neither side would concede advantage to the other. However, slowly, surely and steadily, the Freshies gained inch by inch, at times faltering slightly, coming to a gruelling deadlock, and then giving back a few inches to the Sophs. In a last superhuman effort, when but one man remained behind the fateful line, the Sophs pulled themselves together, as if by the gaining of a second strength and wind and gathered in one, two, three, four, five yards—but then, having wasted their last vitality, the Sophs yielded bit by bit until the crack of the pistol announced to the college town that the yearling men had come away the victors. It was an exhausting tug of fifteen minutes and the better men won.

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

The play, "The Importance of Being Earnest", which achieved such wide popularity at the Mt. Gretna summer school last season, will be given in the local conservatory on the night of November 8, for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. and the Crucible. It will again appear under the direction of Prof. T. Bayard Beatty with the same identical cast, with the possibility of one exception. Judging from the hearty commendation heard on all sides, the play will be a treat at a small price. No tickets will be distributed, the general admission of will be received at the door and there will be no reserved seats. The management wishes your hearty co-operation in behalf of these three organizations of the college. Don't forget the date, November 8, 1921.

Humor

A Man Has Been Looking Up some mistakes and he finds that:

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it means an "extra."

When an electrician makes a mistake, he blames it on "induction," because nobody knows what that is.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes a law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when a home-builder makes a mistake, he usually has to live with it for the rest of his life.

A Hard World

"Mother," said Helen, "when I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered the mother.

"Mother," said Helen after a pause, "when I grow up, if I don't marry, will I be an old maid, like Aunt Gertrude?"

"Why yes, I suppose so," repeated the mother. "But what queer questions for a little girl to ask."

"Mother," after another pause, "this is a very hard world for us women, isn't it?"

A Girl Was Asked to Parse the word "kiss," and this was her result: This word is a noun, but it is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined and is more common than proper. It is not very singular, in that it is generally used in the plural. It agrees with me.

Bitter Revenge

"My sister's feller kicked my dog yesterday," said Willie, "but I'll get even with him all right."

"How'll you get even," said Willie's friend.

"I'm goin' to mix quinine," said Willie, "with my sister's lip rouge."

Good Logic

"Daddy," said little George, "I think I want to get married

"Do you, my son?" And then the proud parent asked: "And may I inquire to whom?"

"I want to marry granny."

"Do you, indeed! And do you think I would allow you to marry my mother—eh?"

"Well, why shouldn't I?" retorted the tender logician. "You married mine, didn't you?"

The First Quarrel

He: Oh, dear! I wish I could get hold of some good biscuits like mother used to make for me.

She: And I wish I could get hold of some good clothes like father used to buy for me.

Liberty

Two lovers were sitting side by side in Battery Park, New York one evening. "I wonder," he whispered as he glanced out across the beautiful bay and saw the Statue of Liberty in the shadowy gloom, "why they have its light so small."

"Perhaps," replied the girl, as she blushed and tried to slip from his embrace, "the smaller the light, the greater the liberty."

A blush is a temporary and cholonic effulgence of the physiognomy eulogized by one's perceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of unequilibrium from a sense of shame, anger, or any other cause enenuating in the parasees of the vasometer of the facial capillaries is hereby diverted of their elasticity, are suffused with a radiance emanating from an intimidated precondium.

Tactful

Housewife: How do you tell a bad egg?

Grocer: I never told any, but if I did have anything to tell a bad egg, I'd break it gently.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania
Department of Public Instruction

TEACHER PLACEMENT SERVICE

Requests are constantly coming to the office of the placement service of the Department of Public Instruction, Harrisburg, Pa., for teachers specifically trained along certain lines. Many of these positions offer not only larger fields of service, but very attractive compensation.

The Placement Service is unable to suggest candidates for these positions, due to a paucity of registrants.

The Placement Service has made no effort to solicit registration of teachers, although there were registered during the past year 3,643 teachers. In most instances these teachers desired to be in positions nearer home, and in larger fields of influence. Many were seeking promotion for which their additional professional training justly entitled them.

1250 requests for teachers have been received by the Placement Service. Great difficulty has been experienced in finding teachers specifically trained for the positions vacant. That the Placement Service may function most effectively, it is necessary that the registration list of teachers be large. Registration cards are provided by which active and prospective teachers may register. At the same time, we are asking you to carry the information concerning the Placement Service to teachers and all other persons interested in teaching, thereby rendering a valuable service, not only to the teachers and schools, but to the children of the Commonwealth.

Many superintendents and supervisors are frequent visitors to the office of the Placement Service, and many teachers are using this office as a meeting place with school officials desiring teachers.

School officials are slowly gaining confidence in the work which the Placement Service is trying to do, namely, suggesting teachers specifically trained and properly certified for positions vacant. It will materially assist teachers if we can induce school officials and boards of education to notify the Placement Service of vacancies. By calling the attention of school officials to the service which the Placement Service stands ready to render and explaining briefly the desire of the Placement Service to become a clearing place for

available teachers and existing vacancies, the schools of Pennsylvania shall be materially assisted.

Therefore, the Placement Service requests that we bring to the attention of teachers the advantages that will come from registering with the Placement Service and also the advisability of school officials in need of teachers drawing upon the lists of registrants on file in the Placement Service.

The service which this Bureau renders is free.

Henry Klonower,
Assistant Director, Teacher Bureau,
In charge of Placement Service.

HE

"Lady, by that trembling star,
Smiling on us from afar,
Swear you love me, and I'll be
Sun and Moon and Star to thee.

"If you love me, tell me so;
Say you love me ere I go:
Swear it by the crimson ray
Slumbering on the couch of day."

SHE

"I would love thee but you know,
If I do and tell thee so,
Transient then would be thy love
As the fading light above.

"Man forgets us when we tell,
That we love him, and how well,
Not to be forgotten so,
Ever would I tell thee—NO!"

Miss Anna E. Kreider, '00, recently returned from Pittsburgh, where she attended the meeting of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs as representative from the Lebanon Woman's Club. Miss Kreider is president of the organization, and is very well known in this section of the country through her association with various social organizations.

* * *

Rev. Ira S. Ernst, '16, formerly pastor of the church at Chewesville, Maryland, has taken up the pastorate at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Rev. Ernst is indeed worthy to be commended in that the church into which he has stepped is fast becoming a dominant feature in the Pennsylvania Conference.

DEPENDABILITY

(Continued from Page 5)

organization should be divided into two sections, the one of dependables, the other undependables, is hard to solve. Looking about you here at Lebanon Valley you can easily pick out those who do the work and those who spend their time promising to do it. Surely, we are not following the example of the big men in our college and town when we take on a spirit such as this, and the first unreliable Tom-Dick-and-Harry has yet to see or hear about his portrait hanging in the Hall of Fame!

But here comes the worst of it! If our undependability would end with our college years, the world would have suffered little. But our period of training is exactly prophetic of our period of service and worth. If we have been slovenly here, the world will not discover us otherwise. If we have proven undependable here, we will follow the same track when we embark on life's journey. We are choosing our outfit now for our little jog during the next forty years or more, and we can be sure that time will not work any transformations; no, no, she will deepen the characteristics of our early training.

Here is one of the weak spots the world is finding in us. Not that we fear criticism—anyone who gets an idea in his cranium once every fortnight will be criticized—but rather to mend the deficiency in the armor we are building, let us become doers as well as promisors in our life here at college. Let us resolve to be one of the Dependables!—THE EDITOR.

AS WE SEE YOU

(Continued from Page 10)

one night he was actually heard to address the evening star itself in rapt and worshipful melodious accents.

It is rumored that he is a model housewife. He washes dishes to the same rhythm as his most extraordinary lyric, he cooks to the long roll of his most thunderous sermons, and he scrubs floors to the chant of his most sonorous poems.

Readers in L. V. C., lift up your eyes and behold, for lo! a wonder walks among us. Lift up your eyes, I say, and marvel and appreciate him whom the gods have sent to be our daily companion.

THE BLACK DOMINO

(Continued from Page 8)

"Go," she almost screamed, and I found myself outside with a door slammed in my face. I had a big notion to try to get in again, but when I thought of the pleading eyes, I decided to go. Well, it had been an adventurous day for me. But somehow I wished the adventure hadn't ended that way. I wonder what became of the girl. I wanted to help her, to keep her by me, to fight for her, and to love her.

And now, as I sit here by the fireplace, smoking, I see in the firelight the face of the girl. Somehow or other, I just can't forget her, and it has been almost three weeks since the affair happened, but Hale tells me that I'll soon forget, and that in the meantime I mustn't take it so hard. He says that I must remember that it was just an adventure—but it'll take a while before I get over it.

THE TUG-O-WAR

(Continued from Page 13)

dampen our ardor, as we had shown in the last pull. It is only natural that our elders should have the choice, and we saw that they got their choice and something more than they had bet their dads' hard earned kale upon.

It was decided by the Activities Committee that only the victors should have a party; hence, in order to dispose of the already purchased "Eats" the Sophomore Class sojourned upon a hike. A miserable time was had by all. Do not count your chickens before you crack the shells at breakfast, Sophs.

Hold 'er, Sophs, she's headed for the barn.
By a FRASH.

In writing matter for this page, please bear in mind that this is a college publication supported by the students, faculty, board of administration, alumni, and friends of the college; so that what might be correctly interpreted here at home, where all of us are acquainted with the facts, may go wide of the mark in an outlying district, and create the very impression we are striving not to create.

Mr. Grant Nitrauer, '21, is teaching in the High School at Middletown.

Due for a Raise

A downtown merchant, while engaged in the office the other morning, discovered that he had left his pocketknife at home, and, as he needed one urgently, he asked the different clerks, but none of them happened to have one. Finally the errand boy hustled in and the merchant called him, asking if he was able to produce the desired article. Jimmy handed over his "pig-sticker".

"How is it, Jimmy, that you alone out of my entire staff seem to have a pocket knife with you?" smiled the proprietor, eyeing Jimmy with undisguised admiration.

"Dunno, sir," replied the youth, "unless it's because my wages are so low that I can't afford more'n one pair of pants."

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

THE HOLE IN THE ROCK

Two of we young men of the college were wandering out among the rocks and bushes of what had once been the river bed of the Susquehanna. The river was at low tide due largely to the proximity of a large power house dam, causing many rocks to be exposed about the surface of the water. By leaping from stone to stone we found it possible to reach a point midway in the river. Shooting rapids formed a barrier across which it was impossible to jump—otherwise it would not have been impossible to set foot on York county soil. On our return trip—in swerving from the course taken on our outward journey—we were compelled to scale a huge boulder surrounded on all sides by deep water. A hole two feet in diameter on the top of the rock at once arrested our attention. We discovered that this same hole extended the entire height of the rock—a distance well over ten feet—and that it was partially filled with water.

We were simultaneously amazed at our finding, and both of us expressed in our faces what we did not form into words. Here was a hard, solid, durable river rock, projecting ten feet above the water's surface, with a hole perpendicularly drilled thru its center—a hole two feet across, twelve or fifteen feet in depth—a hole that seemed so perfect as to be the result of human energy! And the years it must have taken for the dissolution of the rock material by the water caged from high tide in the disc of the rock!

We dropped a large stone into the opening, and two seconds elapsed from the splash until the rock struck the bottom beneath the surface of the water. A noticeable disturbance of the water exterior to the boulder convinced us that there was an outlet below.

This instance is the inanimate personification of perseverance and persistency. The work of nature here should teach us

all a lesson—a lesson we must learn if we should attain to success in any field. It's determination that brings the battle halfway! Don't forget the hole in the rock in the Susquehanna river! And when all's done, it'll be said of you: "Well, he's one that did what couldn't be done."—Editor.

OUR FUTURE POLICY

Most of us are aware that the past few weeks have ushered Lebanon Valley College into a new era of possibilities and potentialities. Such conditions have materialized which bid fair to remove age-worn incumbencies off her shoulders, giving her a complete franchise with all mortgages conspicuous for their absence. It means that we can expect much in the future.

Furthermore, it is only the beginning. When others see we are working overtime in an effort to help ourselves, they will want to join in and help us. And now it behooves us—as students, alumni and friends of Lebanon Valley—to do all in our power to gain the complete confidence of the constituents of the college so that when the time has ripened, the call of your Alma Mater will receive boundless response. Let us be doubly careful that anything we say or do may not have an injurious effect to your school.

Let this be our new policy!

It has come to our ears several times that there seems to be a lack of the proper spirit and obedience to rules and regulations on the part of a certain section of difference to upperclasswomen is the the Freshmen girls—the day students. In-charge in general, but we feel sure that the infringement is not voluntary, and only a matter of thoughtlessness. Let us suggest a more general adherence to rules on the part of all of us. It will make life at the college jollier and happier for all of us—the rulers and the ruled. Our college will be no better than the individuals making up its student body.

The Mirror

We might state that a person who is a member of both the Scientific Society and the Math. Round Table, and who terms his societies as being "defunct" and "too tottering to continue its existence throughout the term," certainly is not a fit and loyal member of those societies.

It is bad principle to knock rival societies; but, to knock a society of which the knocker is a member, is beyond the power of reasoning. The just rewards of such action should be expulsion from the societies of which that certain person is a knocking member.

However, our point of view on this article may be erroneous, and that article may have been intended as a well meant and harmless joke; but, there is such a thing as composing a joke that will be considered a joke when looked upon from all angles. There are people who are very witty, and who do not let everyone know it, and there are people who absolutely are not witty, and who insist upon telling everyone how very unwitty they can be. As a parting word, let us say: "Mr. ? ? ? , if the shoe fits you, please wear it."

The suggestion has come to us lately that it would not be unwise to at least have some arrangement whereby the Administration Building might be made accessible to outside folks who come visiting us over the week-end. The policy of late has been to keep the doors locked during the week end, and some of us have been disappointed in not being able to take our parents and friends through our recitation halls. Some arrangement should be made for the accommodation of our visitors.

The faculty last year decided that some time near the end of the football season, a special holiday should be granted to the student body whereon to celebrate the victories of our football season. Then a huge bonfire and any other evidences of enthusiasm and school spirit would be perfectly in order with the stipulation that it be made a real celebration and not a half-

hearted affair. It had been deemed wise by many of us to suggest to the authorities that Monday, the 21st, would be a good date for the said function. But in the light of our unfortunate game with Lehigh, with less than half of the regulars in the lineup, due to injuries, let us suggest that the day be postponed until after the Thanksgiving vacation. Then we will have annihilated the tribe from Susquehanna, and we will have a real reason to celebrate.

* * *

Our Colors

Mr. Editor:

In days like these, when international problems so vital are being discussed by the men of the world within our own boundaries; when National problems so drastic are impending and require immediate response; e'en while the unknown heroes of this our native land were being honored by the highest tribute that the world might pay them; in what obscure vault have our colors been lying? Where has been that dear old flag for which men have gladly died, and for which we live to cherish, to protect and to develop all for what it represents.

There is no adequate reason why, that high upon our staff, from the early rosy-tinted dawn until the last rays of the golden sunset have kissed the evening sky and twilight shadows have fallen, Old Glory should not float in all her splendor and 'neath her the emblem of the school. That whenever we may behold, we might realize that life is not so dead but that the purpose of our school and of our life is to serve justly that emblem, which represents the many others who are serving us.

* * *

The Class in Advanced Composition is to be commended upon its earnest efforts to instill a love of, and a devotion to, our tongue during Better English Week. We believe it a sin for college students to mistreat our noble language as much as they do. We also believe that "the adjective" is somewhat overused, especially among the men.

Our Short Story

GILBERT WARREN'S DECISION

By C. C. Smith, '24

The general call for volunteers in the United States Army during the great world war was the beginning of a mighty struggle in the heart of Gilbert Warren. That evening he sat before the open fireplace again weighing the arguments for or against enlistment. The crackling flames flickered and sputtered, as if they, too, were threshing out the matter for him. The playing flames filled the far corners of the room with grotesque leaping shadows, while they maintained a steady glow on the cozy chair and its occupant, by the fire. Every portion of the room seemed to breathe that old Puritan spirit, which seemed part of the Warren family. The young man had been taught in these principles, and had acquired the ability to think clearly without prejudice.

"Certainly," he mused, "there are many reasons why I should enlist. My forefathers, of whom I am justly proud, have fought and died at Gettysburg, New Orleans, or Leington, and have endured every hardship, that their country should survive. And yet, if I were to go for no other reason than to uphold the family name, I should consider myself a coward. But if I should go it would mean separation from Ethel, and God knows I—"

The truth of the matter was, he was desperately, hopelessly in love with Ethel Allerton. Even tho the noble blood in him clamored for enlistment, he could not tear himself from the thought of their separation even for a few weeks.

Under the lashes of duty and love he tossed about restlessly in the big chair. The only sound was the crackling of flames and occasional slipping of the logs. A tumbling of the half-burned logs shot up a sudden glare of light illuminating the entire room. Momentarily the large portrait above the fireplace was lit up, and as the glare faded the young man turned his eyes to the portrait. Now in the dark shadow he could scarcely discern the fea-

tures of Richard Warren, the first of his ancestors on this side of the Atlantic. The young man thought of the many stories he, as a child, had heard about this grim old Pilgrim ancestor. Though now only vaguely remembered, he had the most profound respect for this man who had shared the hardships and sufferings in that first long winter at Plymouth. It would be no difficulty, he thought, to decide if he could have the advice of this venerable old man.

"Tell me," addressing the portrait, "you have sacrificed many things for your principles and ideals, you have fought for your country,—and you have loved! Tell me, what decision shall I make?"

Half expectantly he waited, as if the question might be answered. As he gazed, a dull glow appeared near the center of the portrait, as if a light were focused on it. Slowly it spread until the entire portrait was illuminated. Now he could distinguish every feature plainly, the square chin, the massive brow, and piercing eyes, even the plain black cape stood out prominently in the mysterious light.

In dazed wonder Gilbert sat watching. The piercing eyes seemed to flash into his very heart, searching out its secrets. Suddenly Gilbert stiffened. Had the eyelids moved? Or was it only a delusion of his strained senses? No! The head was now turning full toward him, while he seemed to sense a strange presence in the room. Once or twice the lips moved as if to test them, after long years of silence. Then a deep mellow voice seemed to fill the room.

"Young man," it began, "you ask me to decide a question for you. 'Tis well you do so, and indeed 'tis a question which requires much thought, in which I saw you engaged so recently. Mark well what I shall say to you, and may God direct you in your choice. Remember that there is an all-wise Providence, which is able to guide our feet in the paths of right and justice. That you may the better understand my motive, I shall relate to you my own struggle with the question of Duty and Love.

"'Twas in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred sixteen, I sat in my humble abode

THE CRUCIBLE

wrestling with the great question. I was then a young man, a gay follower of worldliness. Yea, but for the influence of one, I might have been everlastingly damned for my wickedness. I was then an officer in the army of the king, stationed near Scrooby in Nottinghamshire.

"One bright summer afternoon, while off duty, I met a young lady who at once attracted my fancy. Susanna Clark might have been a queen, for her beauty and sweet good-nature was an inspiration to any man. Indeed, she was a queen from that time—queen of my heart, and the personification of all goodness, to whom I bowed in humble worship. Kind providence saw fit that we met frequently, and our acquaintance ripened into a firm friendship—and friendship into a deeper love. Thus passed several months happily. But soon we found a bar to our happiness. Thomas Clark, Susanna's father, was a very devout man, with firm convictions concerning church government. He was continually longing to join his friends who had gone to Holland nearly nine years before under the leadership of certain men named Brewster, Carver, and Robinson. Susanna spoke to me often of this matter, and expressed her fear that he might want to join them. This certainly would mean our separation.

"As the controversy between conflicting faiths waed stronger, the prosecution of the remaining Separatists increased until old Thomas felt that he must flee for his safety. I, too, advised Susanna to go, tho it pained me much to do so. I feared lest as an officer of the King I would be compelled to imprison them, which I certainly felt I could not do.

"Thus it happened that on a bleak, dreary night in midwinter, Thomas Clark and his daughter Susanna set out with John Goodman and his family for Holland. Thomas pleaded with me to forsake my duty and follow them into Holland. I bade them an affectionate farewell and God-speed, but could not bring myself to a decision.

"That night, Gilbert Warren, I wrestled between Duty and Love even as you are now doing. All night I tossed restlessly about till finally I decided that my duty as a soldier of my King should come first, and I trusted that a kind Providence would take care of the future.

"That was in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred eighteen. For two years I served the King faithfully, thinking ever of my beautiful Susanna. I had heard nothing of her, or knew not whether Holland had been reached safely, but I hoped fervently that sometime we might meet again when church differences would not separate us.

"Then came the news that the **Mayflower** had sailed with William Brewster and his band of followers to America, and would settle in Virginia. New hope arose in my bosom, though I knew not if the Clark family had sailed on the **Mayflower**. The following month my opportunity came. Lord Ridghaven was fitting out an expedition to Virginia, and was calling for volunteers. Here was an opportunity to serve my country and at the same time possibly find my lost love.

"Eagerly we set sail. I need not relate the long weeks of sailing as our little ship Richwell was tossed about by every storm. As we neared the end of our course, Captain Lester told us we were driven far from our course and could never hope to land in Virginia. Then came days of anxiety as we strained our eyes for sight of land. Finally, as night was closing on us, we sighted land, and we retired with new hopes. But we were destined to more suffering before safety was reached. A mighty storm arose during the night and tossed our frail ship about like chaff, finally crushing it on the rocky coast. How four of us fought our way through the beating waves to shore I cannot tell, save that Providence again lent a guiding hand. At dawn we took council and decided to pitch a temporary shelter until we might get our bearings and perhaps find more survivors from the doomed ship.

"During the day we heard a halloo south of us, and were overjoyed to discern a party of Englishmen approaching. To my delight I found they were Pilgrims, but a day's journey from the settlement they called Plymouth. I learned afterward that they were driven from their course, and had landed at Plymouth but a month before.

"With fast-beating heart I awaited our arrival at the settlement, and was overjoyed to learn that Susanna Clark was among the Pilgrims. As we met after

(Continued on Page 19)

Our Special Features

FIT'S TRAVELING EXPERIENCES

IV. Baltimore

Baltimore, so says history, was found by Lord Baltimore, who invented the State of Maryland. He lived there until he had it running very well, and it has been running ever since. When I studied geography I read where it said that Baltimore was on the Chesapeake bay, and as I had never seen a city on a bay before I naturally had a woman's curiosity to see what it was like, so I went down. When I got there at last, I decided that geography must of been wrong, and that it must of really been under the bay, as I landed there by means of a tunnel. After being in the tunnel for quite some time I decided that I must be sightseeing in the city from the underside until I finally came to where I could see the light of day. It was so smoky in the tunnel that I thought maybe I wasn't in Baltimore at all; but after asking two conductors, one brakeman and a porter I satisfied myself that it wasn't Pittsburg, but really Baltimore.

Many lovely girls who work in Washington, the Capital of our grate nation, live in Baltimore, so there must be some inducements to live there after all.

Baltimore evidently has a private Sun system, for while I was still in the tunnel, a man setting next to the off-side of his seat said to the feller who set next to the window to please let him see the Baltimore sun when he was through looking. I looked very hard, but I didn't see it. It didn't help matters much in the tunnel though, for it was dark until we got out, and then after looking all over the roof of Camden station I didn't see anything but the same old sun.

At Baltimore I saw my first example of a third rail. It works like a fifth wheel of a wagon I guess, and one feller said to me that it was as handy as a pair of bars in a kitchen or tobacco in a handkerchief. I thought if two rails could hold a train level everywhere else they ought to manage it in Baltimore, so I naturally asked him what it was for. He said that that was

the rail that is loaded with juice, so he really ought of said a pipe instead of a rail, and he said further that it would knock one cold to touch it. I didn't believe him though, for if that was true, it would probably freeze the juice and burst, then Maryland would get wet again.

Yours impossibly,
DAVID FIT.

THE STAR COURSE

The past Monday night has seen the inauguration of the College Star Course. We are sorry not to be able to report it in full, but this edition went to press before the event. However, we feel sure that the present season under the supervision of the two Christian organizations and under the direct control of Mr. Russell Shadel, will prove to be the best course ever offered hereabouts. All the talent comes with the highest recommendations, and many of the performers and lecturers have attained national reputations. It is desired on the part of the committee that the students feel that this feature of the school's activities belongs strictly to themselves, and hence their support is necessary if the season is to be made successful. The next number is the concert given by the renowned Suwanee River Quartette on the night of Thursday, December 8th. Those who have heard them elsewhere proclaim them to be one of the best musical combinations before the public at the present day. You cannot afford to miss it.

A NEW TIME OF MEETING FOR THE Y. M.

During the coming winter months the regular devotional meetings of the Y. M. C. A. will be held from 6:00 to 6:30 every Wednesday evening, the time being changed from the same day at 10:00 P.M. Short, snappy services will be arranged, a few ringing songs will be sung, and an address from one of the fellows not over five minutes in length. Step into the Y. M. room and you will enjoy the meeting. It is a meeting for men!

THE CRUCIBLE

SOME SOPHOMORE OBSERVATIONS

(By ???)

One of the things most relished by the girls is the gentle and courteous "Gangway!" bellowed by the gentlemen—we hesitate to call them men—who take their meals in North Hall. The noble gentlemen should organize and give it as a regular cheer before each meal.

* * *

The Crucible Staff and May Day Committee are very grateful to the handful of students who attended their play, "The Importance of Being Earnest." We are delighted to know that there are at least a few people at this college who will support its activities.

* * *

The girls' new Delphian Literary Society fulfills a much-felt need at Lebanon Valley College. But why is not the greater need fulfilled and the co-educational status of this college maintained by the establishment of a society for both co-eds and men?

* * *

Since the last issue of the Crucible we have been greatly delighted to learn that almost all of Darwin's books are in the library—intolerance shown in that issue toward intolerance to science.

* * *

In this day of subscription, donations, tag days, assessments, and begging, how does it happen that we haven't been asked to buy a garbage can for the banana peels that we throw away on our way to the post office?

* * *

Why are there so many pieces of paper and other trash lying about on the campus? Doesn't this college have any freshmen this year?

* * *

The English room has been greatly improved by the addition of several new pictures. The collection represents a fine equilibrium between tears, beauty, and strength.

* * *

If this college has some dead professors, would it not be entirely proper and befitting to bury them? Why keep them on our hands?

THRALLDOM

Your handclasp has a fang of poison sweet
With love's hypnotic kind intoxicant;
I take the bait.

Your eye, enchantress, lures me to the den
Where love, apart from any spoken word,
Can seal my fate.

Your love is as a mighty prison house.
It holds more firmly than the bars of stubborn steel,
And I cannot escape.

Your heart is as the broad and deep high seas,
But to be lost within its pulse, is bliss
Of mate with mate.

THE STUDENT PRAYER MEETINGS

The meeting held Tuesday night, November 8, in the library auditorium, proved to be exceptionally interesting. Prof. Shenk gave a short invigorating address on the more practical side of living. We students cannot help but marvel at his memory and wonderful collection of anecdotes and timely illustrations. The meeting was not as well attended as usual, due to the many activities of the week. However, college folks will find it a fine, valuable place to spend an hour each Tuesday evening during the long winter nights. It is a meeting of, by and for college men and women. Make it your own meeting!

A SUGGESTION

Due to the many events and activities of the college all thru this year, it was not possible for the Y. M. C. A. cabinet to lay as much stress upon its business features as it would have liked to have done. The membership campaign early in the fall proved successful, but up to date we find that about half of the fellows have not paid their membership fees. We are sure this is only a matter of thoughtlessness on the part of our men, and wish that you would relieve us of the burden. Our expenses thus far have been unusually large, and a number of bills are as yet unpaid. It is up to you fellows to help us maintain the integrity and credit of the Y. M.

Athletics

J. D. DAUGHERTY

THE JUNIATA GAME

Our husky wearers of the Blue and White played their next game on foreign soil, with the representatives of Juniata College, of Huntingdon, Pa. As was expected, the opposing team presented little difficulty to our men. For during the entire game we were forced to punt only once. Behman then booted the ball for a total distance of eighty-five yards. The ball was in possession of our team nearly all the time. However, because of the exceptional playing of our warriors on the offensive, it is needless to say that had the time of the quarters been longer, the score would have been even larger in our favor. For in the first quarter, having reached Juniata's two-yard line through a series of line plunges the quarter ended. Upon investigation it showed that the length of time played was not more than six minutes, which is two minutes less than half the time of the quarters played in our very first game against the Military eleven. However, our men determined to do their best, so with the length of the next three quarters prolonged to eight minutes, they took advantage of the weakening Juniata team and scored five touchdowns in twenty-four minutes for a total of thirty-four points. Thus in thirty minutes of play our men rolled up a score of thirty-four points, more than an average of a point a minute. Juniata was completely outclassed, and offered little resistance to the fast, clever, tricky plays our men continually put through on the offensive. On the defensive our players played equally as well, for only one first down was made against our line by the Juniata team. Our fellows played in mid-season form. They worked together well, and are to be commended for their excellent work thus far this season.

Lehigh Game

The game with Villa Nova left our team in a somewhat handicapped position. Quite a number of the regular varsity were injured. Thus when our team met the strong

Lehigh team on the twelfth of November, they were in no condition to do their best. In consequence, Lehigh rolled up a 55-7 score against a team with six of the eleven regulars out of the line-up. Then, to add to the handicap, after a few minutes of play two other men were substituted because of injury to two backfield men. Thus on the wet slippery field the heavy Lehigh men were quite at an advantage. However, they could not prevent our team from scoring. Behman in the last quarter picked up a fumbled ball and ran sixty yards for a touchdown. He also added one point by kicking the goal. The score by no means tells the tale of the type of game put up by our men. Each one in the game put up the best brand of football seen by a team of our calibre on Lehigh field. The men played their best against odds which they were not able easily to overcome. Had our entire varsity been in the game it is needless to say that the score would have been quite different.

Line-up

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Lehigh | Lebanon Valley |
| Read, L. E. | Smith, L. E. |
| Henderschott, L. T. | Behman, L. T. |
| Hoffman, L. G. | Hoffman, L. G. |
| Roth, C. | Musser, C. |
| McCarthy, R. G. | Lauster, R. G. |
| Harms, R. T. | Danker, R. T. |
| Adams, R. E. | Harkin, R. E. |
| Hardy, Q. B. | Homan, Q. B. |
| Bessemer, L. H. B. | Krauss, L. H. B. |
| Storer, R. H. B. | Wolfe, R. H. B. |
| Greer, F. B. | Wuenchinski, F. B. |

Touchdowns—Berman, Storer, Greer, 3; Hardy, 2; Harper, Lingle. Goals from touchdowns—Hardy, 6; Henschen, 1. Substitutions—Lebanon Valley, Carpenter for Danker, Cohen for Smith, Perry for Homan, Burtner for Musser; Lehigh, Springsteen for Roth, Harper for Greer, Henschen for Hardy, Arnold for McCarthy, Moorehouse for Arnold, Walker for Read, Lingle for Bessemer, Garman for Henderschott. Time of periods—15 minutes. Referee—Taggart, Rochester. Umpire—Farier. Head Linesman—Crolly.

After a rest of one week the team will again get into action on Thanksgiving with our old rival, Susquehanna. The game will be played in Sunbury. Last year we completely outclassed them on the Island grounds at Harrisburg. This year, with

a better team, we expect to conquer them again. However, it must be taken into consideration that this year Susquehanna also has a strong team and will in all probability try to close the season with a victory. We are looking for the team to "bring home the bacon." Quite a number of students will attend, and a great victory is looked for. With our motto, "On to Susquehanna," we must be determined to win.

The Scrubs

On Armistice day the Scrubs, under the leadership of Cleon Musser, traveled to that gentleman's home town, Columbia, to clash with the strong American Legion team of that place. The game was hotly contested throughout, and from the first whistle to the last it was "nip and tuck".

On the Columbia aggregation was a former varsity fullback of this school's team, John Berger. However, our line held like a stone wall, and only one touchdown, that made in the third quarter, was posted against them. Each individual on the team played his best, and deserve credit for his fine showing. Grumbine and Frances starred particularly in the backfield, and Swank and Herb on the line. Our Scrubs show fine form, and deserved to have a tie game.

Line-up

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| Columbia | Lebanon Valley |
| Gleim, R. E. | Fay, R. E. |
| Miles, R. T. | Swank, R. T. |
| Gundle, R. G. | Herb, R. G. |
| Broome, C. | Nitrauer, C. |
| Doyle, L. G. | Heisey, L. G. |
| Haumacker, L. T. | Pell, L. T. |
| Lynch, L. E. | Smuck, L. E. |
| Eckert, Q. B. | Reagle, Q. B. |
| Marley, L. H. | Balsbaugh, L. H. |
| Sample, R. H. | Frances, R. H. |
| Berger, F. B. | Grumbine, F. B. |

Referee—Gamber. Umpire—Musser. Time-keeper—Blame. Touchdown—Marley. Time of periods, 15 minutes.

We appreciate the interest that has been taken by the alumni in this department of the college paper, and we urge them to continue with their contributions. In all probability, one or possibly two issues of this magazine will be supported by the Alumni Association and published by its constituency. So help boost the Crucible.—Editor.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The annual Hallowe'en party under the auspices of the Philokosmian Literary Society of the college, held last Monday night in the Alumni gymnasium, was attended by a large number of school folks. The room was gayly decorated for the occasion—corn shocks, pumpkins, and fantastic lanterns adding to the realism of an indoor affair.

At the first shriek of the whistle, with five far-seeing, deep-thinking judges occupying a position of honor on the balcony directly above the platform, goblins and ghosts, clowns and funny people, witches and soothsayers, nymphs and fairies—ranging anywhere from the sublime of music to the grotesque of skeleton fifteen feet high—paraded across the stage while a spot light from the upper regions played upon them. A prize of a box of candy was awarded to the two fair damsels who represented the bass and treble cleffs in music.

After all mysteries had been cleared away by unmasking, ten clans were formed and stationed in the various nooks and corners where they might conspire and plan, seek revenge and cultivate blood-thirstyness. Among them were the Black Cat Clan, the Dark Corners Clan, the Hobble Gobble Clan, the Jack o' Lantern Clan, the Possum Clan, the Pumpkinville Clan, the Sleepy Hollow Clan, the Spook Clan, the Turkeyfoot Clan and even the Toonerville Clan. Many daring, nerve-racking, death-facing contests were announced, to which each clan, bent upon victory and conquest, sent one of their husky warriors or more to fight for their noble cause and their ancient traditions. First, a tub of water was placed upon the platform, a score of big, rosy apples were sent sailing thereon, and then ten muscle-steeled athletes vied with each other in fancy diving and other water aquatics in a mad race to rescue three apples by means of their husks. Then ten orators extolled the greatness of their clans, followed by a mohawking contest at the expense of punkin pies. The warrior with the biggest mouth and fastest working clamps was awarded the noble prize of a box of candy. A dissertation on Mush followed, with the result that all present took on a unanimous and decided affinity for that concoction.

(Continued on Page 19)

Alumni Notes

By LUCILE SHENK

A letter has been received from Prof. Norman Schlichter, alumnus of Lebanon Valley, expressing his compliments for the new Crucible. He is enthusiastic about the college at large, and sends greetings for the most successful year our school has ever experienced. At present, he is engaged in active Y. M. C. A. work, with his headquarters at Chicago. He is especially interested in poetry, and his first book of poems will be off the press in the spring. Another volume which he has completed, and which will be published in the future, is entitled "Songs of Mother". He has subscribed to the magazine of Contemporary Verse for our library, and we wish to express herewith our appreciation.

* * *

We are also in receipt of a letter from Prof. R. G. Guyer, who many of the upper class students will remember as the former coach of athletics at L. V., and who was instrumental in developing the great football combination in the fall of '16, which was strong enough to hold the Army to a 3-0 score. At the present time Prof. Guyer is engaged as Athletic Director of the Connecticut Agricultural College. He says: "I have received two copies of the Crucible this fall, and have found it unusually interesting. Indeed, I want to congratulate you on the showing of the football team this fall. Of course I was a little disappointed over the Villanova game, but the unexpected happens, and teams will have an off-day. I have much confidence in "Stubby" Wilder as a coach. I have worked with him on the same team, and was coached by him. I suppose Joe Hollinger is helping with the line and will coach basketball. He is one of my products, so of course he'll make good, ha! ha!" He states that he is doing no coaching this year, since he does not find time, and sends his "best wishes to Dr. Gossard, the Faculty, the students, and especially to the football team."

We were sorry to have two of our undergraduate young men leave our midst this year, referring to Messrs. Harold and Robert Lutz. Both were very active in collegiate work, and took first and second prizes respectively in the Sophomore Class last year. They have found it to their advantage to pursue their studies at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, since that city is the home of their parents. The former has secured a good position on the copy desk of the Evening Sun, still enabling him to continue his studies toward an A.B. degree at the University. The latter made the highest grade in a competitive examination taken by 24 young men from all over the state of Maryland, and thereby won an engineering scholarship which entitles him to everything at the university free of charge. We are glad to know that they are succeeding so well, and note with pleasure their interest in Lebanon Valley.

* * *

Mr. E. J. Gantz, an expert on salesmanship in the employ of the International Association of Young Men's Christian Associations, delivered a most inspiring address before the assembled student body, Nov. 3. He brought to the attention of the students a comparatively new vacation offering manifold opportunities—that of selling. An expert at handling human nature—which is after all the secret of success in any undertaking demanding leadership or initiative—he held the student body keenly interested from start to finish. He first showed the financial possibilities of salesmanship—how each man could honestly become owner of his share of the world's goods—and then enlarged upon the sources of psychic income. He made the significant statement that "preaching the gospel is a matter of selling it to the public." This presented a new angle from which to view the subject, and further consideration only proves the validity of his contentions. Features of this type not only make our college life practical, but also worth while and valuable. Come again, Mr. Gantz.

Our Poet's Corner

WHEN THE TURKEY'S IN THE OVEN

Oh, then we kids are happy and we romp
around the floor,
And we seem a heap more joyful than we
ever did before.
There's Mary and the baby who is trying
hard to crawl,
There's Jim and me and Bobby C.: there's
five of us in all,
And none of us are crying, for there ain't
no fights today,
About a hundred things or more; we'd
rather sing and play,
When the turkey's in the oven.

A smile is on our mother's face, and daddy
sits and smokes,
And uncle Ned, who's home from school,
tells loads of funny jokes,
And Grandma Jones, who's come along, is
humming all the time,
'Till there beneath the kitchen stove, old
Prince begins to whine,
And then delicious odors just begin to fill
the room,
And we all forget our troubles, as there
ain't no time for gloom.

When the turkey's in the oven.

It seemed that when Rastus and Sam
died they took different routes; so when
the latter got to heaven he called Rastus
on the phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down
thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis here am some place," re-
plied Rastus. "All we has ter do is to wear
a red suit wid horns, an' ebery now an' den
shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work
no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-
four down here. But tell me, Sam, how is
it with you up yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo'
o'clock in de mawnin' an' gathah in de
stahs; den we has to haul in de moon and
hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de
clouds aroun' all day long."

"But, Sam, how come it y' has ter work
so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf. Rastus, we's kin' o'
short on help up here."

A LETTER

Dear Mister Eddyter:

I don't know ez I ought ter write to yer,
cuz I dont belong to yer college 'n besides
we farmers haint supposed to know much
erbout college doins', but ez I was asayin'
I read the last paper ye put out and she
sure was fine. Why ye know if I wuz at
college i'll bet I could jump around en yell
same ez you young fellers do. Gee whiz! I
wish I wuz young ergin! Hanged ef I
wouldn't jine you fellers. But say mister
Eddyter ye had somethin' in yer paper thet
orter worried me, it sez at the top TUG-
OF-WAR. Ye dont mean ye have enny
kind of wars up thar do ye? Gosh! I hope
it's jest one of yer tricks: Ye know I in-
tend ter send my boy Sam to your college
too, when he gits threw High School. Yes-
sir by Heck I do! As I wuz asayin' when
my wife Mariar seed thet TUG-O-WAR
bizzness she jest lit right up. "Picem
Green" sez she "ye better find out imme-
jitly what thet means, cause I haint agoin'
ter send my Samuel to no college where
they has wars".

Of course I dont mind my wife, I jest
thot I'd try ter find out fer my own bene-
fit.

But I don't like that feller wot wrote
about his class, which ez I understand you
call Freshmens. He sez ez how they work-
ed best when feelin' at home 'n therefore
walked off with the second en third pulls.
Now if thet bunch feels at home whenever
they're walkin' off with somethin, I dont
want enny of 'em around my farm, 'cause
they might walk off with my jackasses er
somethin' else of their nature. Ther aint
no tellin' what sech fellers will dew, is
there now? Of yes! enother thing, that
feller Frash may think his gang is a bunch
of husky farmers, but he's rong! Tell him
I sez so will yer? Why you remember he
sez the Sophs shouldn't count their chick-
ens before they cracked the eggs at brek-
fust. Well enny farmer knows thet you
dont expect 'em when you crack a egg at
brekfust. ye expect 'em when yet put the
eggs under a cluck, now aint I right?

(Continued on Page 19)

College Activities

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Jennie Sebastian, '20, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, spent the past week-end with her friends and former schoolmates in Annville.

Prof. Paul S. Wagner was a witness at the Yale-Princeton game last Saturday, played in the New Haven Bowl.

Prof. S. O. Grimm and family and Prof. T. B. Beatty spent several days the past week touring through Eastern Pennsylvania.

A quartette composed of Messrs. Herr, Willard, Fencil, and Stabley journeyed to the United Brethren church near Chamber Hill last Sunday, where they sang at the special Father-and-Son services conducted by the Rev. Bingham, one of the student ministers of the college.

At the meeting of the last Annual Pennsylvania Conference of the United Brethren Church, at Chambersburg, Rev. Ralph E. Boyer was appointed to the circuit-charge at Carlisle, which he has been serving this fall. Most of you will remember that he filled the pulpit of the Otterbein Memorial church of Baltimore during six months of the past year due to the death of the regular pastor. His services there were such that his people wished his return, but conditions would not permit, thereby causing his transfer to another charge.

The Misses Dorothy Fencil and Helen Hughes and the Messrs. Baron Ressler and Leon Witmer spent the past week-end at Allentown, where they witnessed the Lebanon Valley-Lehigh football contest.

The Messrs. William Weiser and John Hovis hiked to Allentown, last Friday, where they saw the football contest. They report a willing lot of tourists these days who open their hearts and machine doors to help them along the way.

Dr. G. D. Gossard, president of the college, spends every Sunday away from Annville, preaching in the various churches in the Eastern conferences. The past few weeks he filled engagements at Pamyra and Falmouth.

Mr. Harold B. Bender took an auto trip to Pittsburgh the past week, visiting friends and looking after business interests.

Mr. Adam D. Miller spent the past week-end at Lafayette College, Easton, Penna., visiting a friend and former classmate, Mr. Paul Tschudy, a senior at that institution.

Miss Erdean Lerew, accompanied by a number of Senior girls of the college, spent the last week-end visiting her parents at their home at Dillsburg, Penna.

Misses Verna Hess and Anna Stern spent last Saturday and Sunday at Lehigh University, where they were guests of the latter's brother, a student at that institution.

AS WE SEE YOU To the Seniors

There is one great question facing the world which has become acute in L. V. C. this year. It is this: "Does a moustache make a man any more a man than he is?"

Last year there was one among us, quiet, unobtrusive, and not overly blessed with dignity. After the three months vacation he came back the very picture and embodiment of dignity and—with a moustache. With his newly acquired dignity comes a colossal propensity for work. "Day after day beheld his silent toil," as the poet says, in the Chemistry Lab. I believe he likes to be seen toiling over his tubes, acids, apparatus, and the rest, for he always chooses the most conspicuous place possible to perform his experiments, namely, in front of the row of windows facing the campus.

This man has this year given promise of becoming a veritable hermit. When he is seen outside his haven of the Lab, it is only in being in a crowd, not of it. He beams benignly down upon his fellow classmates—(that is to say, he would beam down on them if he weren't so very short)—as if to say: "Play while you are young." But yet you can't blame him for this detached attitude, for, let me quote the immortal poets again:

"A busier man there never was,
Yet he seemed busier than he was."

Our Science Column

LESSONS LEARNED FROM LIGHTNING

By Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz

Likening the recent feat of the transmission of 1,000,000 volts of electricity to a flash of artificial lightning, recalls to my mind the almost astounding lack of knowledge on the part of many thousands of persons, about a very common natural phenomenon. I dare say that few correct answers to the question, what and why is lightning? would be turned in by students were this question asked in a college examination.

Were one to say that lightning is the passage of a very high voltage current of electricity within a cloud which only under exceptional circumstances, cleaves the cloud and reaches the earth, he would be right; yet, asked to explain the known laws governing its behavior, I venture to predict that most of us would be "out of our depth".

Yet it is really not so complicated a question as appears at first glance. Lightning begins with a raindrop. A raindrop is made up of tiny particles of moisture. Numerous such particles unite, and so form larger particles. These, in turn, unite and ultimately a raindrop, from .1 to .2 of an inch in diameter, is formed. Each of these tiny particles or moisture contain a small charge of electricity, and as the particles unite to form the raindrop, all these electrical charges unite on the raindrop. The electric charge is contained on the surface of the raindrop. While the surface of the large raindrop is larger than that of each of the thousands of tiny drops which have come together to make up the one large drop, it is very much smaller than the sum of the surfaces of the thousands of tiny droplets, and the charges of all these droplets thus are collected and compressed on the surface of the one big drop; that is, the charge on the big drop is under much higher electric pressure, or "voltage", as it is called. But there is a limit to the electric pressure which the air can stand. When

this is exceeded, the air breaks down electrically and the electric charge discharges by a spark—a lightning flash.

You have noticed that rainclouds are dark—sometimes black—shading off to lighter portions. The dark sections appear darker than the rest because they contain more moisture. Hence they are under higher electric pressure or voltage, and there is an unstable equilibrium, until finally the accumulation of electricity at one such point becomes sufficient to overcome the resistance of the intervening air, and there is a lightning flash and the voltage is equalized. This, however, causes a greater electric pressure difference between the path in which equalization has taken place, and the parts of the cloud outside of it, and so causes a second discharge, following over the path of the first, then a third, and so on, until the inequalities are adjusted and equilibrium is restored. This phenomenon is similar to that of a landslide which starts another and yet another slide.

Thunder is another very much misunderstood conception. Thunder is the noise made by the lightning flash when discharged through the air, caused by the sudden expansion of the air due to the heat of the discharge. This is the same as the noise made by the sparks of our electric machines, or the noise made by the blowing of a fuse.

The similarity between the production of a million volts of electricity as was recently accomplished at the high voltage engineering laboratory of the General Electric Company's Pittsfield plant, and a lightning flash is merely one of relative electric pressures. One million volts is without doubt man's nearest approach to the electric pressure of lightning; yet it represents much more potential usefulness than we may ever hope to obtain from lightning. The reason for this is that lightning gives off its energy at an enormously rapid rate—representing great power and many million kilowatts—but lasting only about one ten-thousandth of a second. Its effect therefore is explosive.

The real comparison between lightning

THE CRUCIBLE

and a million volts, and I do not think this has been sufficiently clearly brought out, may be likened to that between a pound of dynamite and a gallon of gasoline. The gasoline contains more energy than the dynamite, but the dynamite gives off its energy instantly, and produces explosive effects which the gasoline cannot produce because it develops its energy only gradually. So lightning, although it represents large current and great power, lasts such a very short time that the energy value, even if it could be completely collected, is small,—only a few cents.

The extension of new knowledge brought to light by these interesting tests at a million volts will undoubtedly uncover a broader field for the transmission of electric energy than was ever dreamed of 40 years ago, when Edison first transmitted electricity at a mere 220 volts. Just what this will represent remains for the future to decide. Today it may be considered one of the triumphs of scientific research which has once more widened our horizon and taught us new facts about the still so little understood phenomena of electricity.

Only in the last years, with the advance of electrical engineering, science has become able to understand and explain the electrical phenomena of the thunderstorm, to calculate the voltage and the energy of the lightning flash which we now estimate at an average of 50,000,000 volts. It is hard to conceive what 50 million volts means. 500 volts will kill a man, and the lightning flash is 100,000 times as much.

When Edison ran his first wires for electric lighting, he used 220 volts. Today we are sending electric power across the country at 220,000 volts. Thus in the 40 years since Edison's first installation we have increased the voltage in our electric circuits a thousand fold; we have produced and experimented with over a million volts, and the voltage of the thundercloud is only 50 times higher than that which man has produced. So you see, the step from the highest voltage now used, to that of lightning, is less than was the step which the electrical industry has taken in the last 40 years.

We've had considerable trouble lately in finding the archway to the Boys' Dorm at night. A little light would be much appreciated.

ONE ON A JUNIOR CO-ED

It is reported that one of the fair damsels of '23 is much infatuated with a certain gentleman of the yearling class and a member of the scrub football team. She had discovered his last name by some vile means or other, and was equally bent on finding out his first cognomen. It so happened that while poring over the pages of one of the Crucibles she found the young man's name in the scrub line-up.

With a shriek she yelled: "Now I know his name. His initials are R. E., and I just know that his name's Robert."

For the enlightenment of those who are curious the young man played Right End on the football team.

THE ARMISTICE PARADE

Lebanon Valley College was fully represented at the third big parade in the city of Lebanon on November 11th. The committee in charge of the organization and procedure here at college deserve much credit for the way the student body was handled. Three groups were formed similar to the arrangement of last year, the first in an L formation, the second in a V and the third in a C. The girls were donned in blue blouses and white skirts and white caps. The boys wore a blue headgear and dark suits. Yells and songs were plentiful all along the route of the parade, and the oldtime pep was in evidence at all times.

* * *

In some quarters there was a vague notion that our two Literary Societies conducted by the men of the college were in a state of lethargy from which it was feared they might never emerge.

But now that sparks are flying and even a little smoke fills the air, we are made aware of their rousing.

And now, as the race between them grows more intense, let the running be fair and square. Why the mud slinging?

Let us be frank; both societies have the good and the indifferent within their ranks, and neither society has all of either.

Why not let the men make their own decisions?

* * *

Mr. Reuben Williams, '17, and Miss Esther Bachman, '17, are both members of the Hershey High School faculty this year.

Humor

KALO NOTES

Although Kalo has not been talking much in these columns, it has been doing a great deal. In the first place, its membership has been increased considerably this year, and it is proud of its new members. Real society spirit, not the narrow spirit which has forever departed from this school, we hope, has been shown, and the promise of a prosperous and delightful year lies ahead of us. Above all, however, effective loyalty to our Alma Mater is the keynote of our Society aims. In the second place, plans are under way to improve the appearance of our hall, and we hope in the near future to effect some radical changes in that direction. In the last place, the Society, as a complement to its literary efforts, has adopted the games of Chess and Checkers. Chess and Checker sets have been placed in the hall for the members' use, and books and current magazines on these games will be secured for the study of these games. A tournament will be held the first and second of December, and various prizes will be given. In all these activities, Kalo is working for the betterment of the college and the student body, and any means to that end will be heartily supported by it.

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be canned stuff."

"When we were married," said Brown, "my wife and I made an agreement that I should make the rulings in all the major things and she in all the minor ones."

"And how has it worked?" Black inquired.

Brown smiled wanly. "So far," he replied, "no major matters have come up."

Whiz—Say, that boy Speed, who used to work for you wants a job in my office. Is he steady?

Bang—Hm. steady! If he was any steadier he'd be motionless.

As most of you know, Mr. Charles Leber, class of '24, spent his vacation at the seashore during the past summer. He had nothing to do but sling hash, collect tips, wax floors and dance to the tune of the Dutchman who was head waiter—not to mention tacking fly netting on the windows of the Princess. It is reported by another honorable gentleman of our college ranks, and whose name we dare not divulge, that the following conversation took place as they gazed out upon the broad boardwalk for the first time.

"Did you buy your ticket, Haines?"

"What ticket?"

"Why, don't you know that you must have a ticket to walk on the boardwalk?"

"Aw, no kiddin'," said Hinkey.

"Sure, you have to buy them over there at that stand for twenty-five cents apiece."

Said Haines: "Well, I'll be hanged if they're getting any of my money. Come on, I'm going around the back way."

And Mr. Leber started off.

"Oh, dad, Mrs. Smith says you're the handsomest man on this street," said young-lady daughter.

"What? What's that you say?"

"Mrs. Smith says you're the handsomest man on this street," she repeated.

"Hum-m! She did, did she!"

After a moment's silence, young-lady daughter was heard to say under her breath: "I believe it's true!"

"What's that? What's true?" asked the father, expectantly.

"That a man always says 'What?' when you give him a compliment, so he can hear it all over again!"

There was a day when criticism meant only fault-finding; today we know true criticism embraces much more, for it aims to present the truth, and the present staff aims to write up Activities in a new manner. For instance, where, in the past, the review of an Anniversary named the persons taking part in the program, we will aim to tell wherein they excelled or wherein they were "below par".

THE CRUCIBLE

CRITICISM ON "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

If you didn't see "The Importance of Being Earnest," you missed a mighty good show.

Did you ever go to a show and then, when the curtain went up, just gasp? You gasped because the scenery was either so beautiful or so striking or weird that you just couldn't help it. Well, when the curtain went up in the first act, showing the interior of Mr. Algernon Monereiff's flat, one just had to gasp. Here was something exceedingly striking as well as clever and artistic.

To go on—the scene in Act II was even more beautiful than that in Act I. This was a garden scene, in which there was a very clever arrangement of a main path and a small side path (in the rear of the stage). There was an archway covered with pink roses. The path was bordered by long rows of bright colored tulips. The back of the stage was a mass of greens (a very artful arrangement for covering the pipes of the organ).

There was a luxuriously furnished room in Act III. The properties in this scene showed that much care and deliberation had been exercised in order to bring out the characteristics of the scene.

The acting of each and every individual is worthy of the loudest applause and the most complimentary consideration.

Mr. Carl Hiser as Algernon Monereiff was exceedingly clever (deucedly clevah!) His acting was of exceptional merit. It must be admitted that he had a difficult role, yet he portrayed it with such ease and realism that he can not be praised enough. Just a few faults, though! Carl should delve into the mysteries and idiosyncracies of the cigarette more thoroughly before he attempts another cigarette scene. And Carl, my goodness, just a little more realism in the love scenes.

Miss Ethel Hartz as Cecily Cardew, who played opposite Mr. Hiser, was very good. She had to portray the character of a young country girl. This she did in a realistic manner. She and Mr. Hiser were two of the big assets of the play. But we can't blame Algernon one bit for falling in love with such a dear as Cecily.

Mr. Earle S. Gingrich, as Mr. John Worthing, or Ernest, showed a fine piece of acting. He brought to this character humor, vigor and personality. He showed manliness in his role—except perhaps that he was a trifle bashful in the love scenes. But we all admit that Mr. Gingrich can act convincingly.

Miss Maryland Glenn was absolutely superb. She was a proud English damsel, who was burdened by an over mercenary mania. Miss Glenn, as the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax, had charm in her acting, as well as dignity and personality. One thing that was noticed was that Miss Glenn was sure of herself. She had that self-reliance about her that strongly accented the character of the Hon. G. Fairfax.

Miss Erdean Lerew, as Lady Bracknell, or the fond mamma of Miss Fairfax, was very good in her part. She had the proper poise of a dignified English lady and the affected tone of her voice was used throughout her speech.

Mr. Jay Arnold portrayed Rev. Canon Chasuble, D.D. He took his part well, and showed a sincerity in his acting. He and Miss Prism were a combination that brought much laughter and favorable comment from the audience.

Miss Meta Burbeck is already recognized as an actress of fine ability. She had self-reliance and ease as her side-partners. As Miss Prism, the governess of Cecily Cardew, she showed us the typical governess. Miss Prism brought to the play much humor, and once more we must applaud Miss Burbeck!

Mr. Gaston Vanden Besche and Mr. Oliver Heckman (Lane and Merriman, the butlers), portrayed typical English characteristics. Both showed the characteristic reserve and obeisance of hired servants.

The play was a great success—from an artistic standpoint, notwithstanding the fact that it was a shame the curtain went down a little too soon. But who cares for such a trifle?

The play was well coached and directed, and we must concede much credit to Professor Beatty for his dramatic efforts. The success of the play is well reflected by the sentiments of the students who were unanimous in giving praise.

GILBERT WARREN'S DECISION

(Continued From Page 7)

three long years of parting, we knelt in solemn thanksgiving to our God who could bring us together in this new world to begin our life anew.

"So I warn you, young man, make your choice for duty even as I have done, and a wise Providence shall bring to you a grand day of thanksgiving even as I have—"

Br-rr-rr-r-r, the sharp ringing of a bell outside startled Gilbert from the chair. At the same time the mysterious light dulled. He hazily rubbed his eyes and stared again—at the portrait of Richard Warren, now in the dark shadow scarcely visible above the fireplace.

Hearing a slight noise, Gilbert turned. A servant was approaching with a message. Mechanically he took the letter and again turned his thoughts to the strange experience just gone thru. Was it only a dream, or had he really heard his ancestor speaking? That was now immaterial, he had heard the advice, and knew it to be what his conscience was really demanding. Yes, he would enlist, putting implicit faith in the advice given in so strange a way.

He looked at the message which he was idly twisting about his finger. Tearing the envelope open, he read:

"Dear Gilbert:—I am leaving tomorrow to serve my country as a Red Cross nurse. Will you call sometime before ten-thirty tomorrow morning? Ethel."

Gilbert's features lit up with a broad smile. Yes, he would enlist. He would do it tomorrow before ten-thirty, and show Ethel that he, too, could serve his country, and that they together might wait for that day of reunion and thanksgiving when the nations were again at peace.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

(Continued From Page 11)

Then each clan sent to the fore a group of singers and others who used their vocal apparatus for a like purpose, but with an unlike result. Next, ten apples were tied to ten long strings and ten gaping mouths—alone and unaided—sought a bite from the victims of their gluttony. With lights reduced to the low flickerings of candles, ten times were our breaths stilled,

our pulses stopped, and our spines chilled by stories and tales that had their births in dark cellars and their deaths in living eager to win the big chocolate cake. Four ambitious clans had to their credit two victories apiece, and the able judges were thrown into consternation and despair. However, it was soon decided to bring these four into the arena once more. They were commanded to impersonate the name of their clans, and to Toonerville went the final prize. The human trolley car carried all obstacles before it.

A cheer for the judges and a re-echoing yell for eats—punkin pies, apples and cider—a happy social hour, and the ghosts of Halloween fled to their haunts to await another year.

A LETTER

(Continued From Page 13)

Who are these Sophs ennyway? I guess that feller Frash didn't like 'em much, but Gee Willikins! he sez the Sophs trained 'em to be used to water. Well, I trained my Sam to wash his face'n ears ever since he wuz a kid, and I'm thinkin' the Sophs need some praise for learnin' 'em thet ennyway, now dont you think so Mister Eddyter? Huh, I guess thet feller Frash was atryin' to show off his larnin' too, when he sez water wuz H₂O, chemically speakin'. Well I'm here to tell yer my Sam knows all about water bein' H₂O, and he sez he knows what H₂S is too, and he also sez that what Mr. Frash writes sounds jest like H₂S smells. Of course I dont know what H₂S is, so I can't perzactly say if he's right. I'm athinkin' the Sophs poured too much water on his head en the wood warped.

Now Mister Eddyter I didn't see why you let thet feller show his ignerance like thet. O'course he's only a Freshman and purty green at thet'n besides he cant help it. But I think you bein' a Senior, ought to jest sorter lead him away from sech rash doins jest like I do with my ignerant jackasses when they try to eat up my good ripe corn, you know what I mean dont ye?

Wal I guess it's yours truly,

PICEM WYLER GREEN.

Posted in a women's college by instructress in astronomy: "Any one wishing to look at Venus pleas see me."—Boston Transcript.

Intriguing

Ella—I'm so mad at Jack.
Bella—So soon? What's wrong?
Ella—He knows so many naughty songs.
Bella—Does he sing them to you?
Ella—No, the mean thing; he just whistles the tunes.

Sign seen on Chicago Boulevard—"Autos will slow down to a walk."

Sign in London, Ohio—"Drive slow and see our town. Drive fast and see our jail."
—Boston Transcript.

"Mother," asked the little girl, "is it true that all fairy stories begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear. Some fairy stories begin, 'I am going to attend a lodge meeting to-night'."

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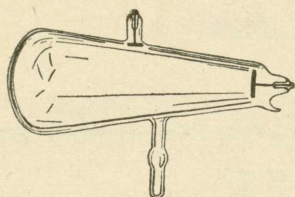
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Hittorf or Crookes Tube

How Were X-Rays Discovered?

SIR James Mackenzie Davidson visited Professor Roentgen to find out how he discovered the X-rays.

Roentgen had covered a vacuum tube, called a Hittorf or Crookes tube, with black paper so as to cut off all its light. About four yards away was a piece of cardboard coated with a fluorescent compound. He turned on the current in the tube. The cardboard glowed brightly.

Sir James asked him: "What did you think?"

"I didn't think, I investigated," said Roentgen. He wanted to know what made the cardboard glow. Only planned experiments could give the answer. We all know the practical result. Thousands of lives are saved by surgeons who use the X-rays.

Later on, one of the scientists in the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company became interested in a certain phenomenon sometimes observed in incandescent lamps. Others had observed it, but he, like Roentgen, investigated. The result was the discovery of new laws governing electrical conduction in high vacuum.

Another scientist in the same laboratory saw that on the basis of those new laws he could build a new tube for producing X-rays more effectively. This was the Coolidge X-ray tube which marked the greatest advance in the X-ray art since the original discovery by Roentgen.

Thus, scientific investigation of a strange phenomenon led to the discovery of a new art, and scientific investigation of another strange phenomenon led to the greatest improvement in that art.

It is for such reasons that the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are continually investigating, continually exploring the unknown. It is new knowledge that is sought. But practical results follow in an endless stream, and in many unexpected ways.

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

WHERE ARE YOU LOOKING?

It was high noon when the old steamer left the Milwaukee docks and glided slowly down the canal out into the broad expanse of Lake Michigan. There was nothing unusual about the voyage across to Muskegon except that it consumed seven valuable hours of my time. With not much to do except watch the gulls, or read a bit, or chat with a few of the sociable passengers, and soon growing tired of all these—decided to put in the afternoon sizing up character. I had just devoured Dr. Blackford's seven booklets on Character Reading, and here I decided to put theory into practice.

After scanning the faces of some worn haggard business men, and giving them my official stamp, and studying the features and gestures of some bored old ladies who were inclined to doze off, I moved about a bit on the upper deck until I spied two men standing along the rails near the pilot headquarters. Something about their personalities arrested my attention and interest, and I decided to take a seat where I could watch unobserved.

Both of my subjects were well under middle age, both were well dressed, and both bore a handsome appearance. Yet there seemed to be—somewhere, somehow—an indefinable difference between them. The one seemed to radiate all the dominate qualities that tend to success and prosperity, the other reflected the sordid and pessimistic—seemed to invite failure. The one appealed, the other rejected; the one mirrored confidence and assurance, the other uncertainty and doubt.

I became bent upon determining the cause of this difference—if it could be perceived externally. At least it would not be impossible to study the actions of each one and thus formulate some conclusion.

After an hour of undisturbed conversation in low tones, the objects of my scrutiny settled themselves on an old bench. I moved about a bit so as to get a full view

of both faces. It was not long until I began to perceive an external difference in their actions vindicated also by their personalities. The conversation having for the most part abated, the one sat gazing out across the waters, out, out, out into the purple blue of the eastern heavens—the other held his eyes fixed in a stolid stare down into the rolling waters beneath him. And thus they sat until the shores of Michigan hove into sight,—the one with

(Continued on Page 17)

OUR CHRISTMAS CAROL

We are approaching another Christmas-tide, and all of us can go back in memory to the time when that season held for us more real joy and happiness than any other. Then in our imaginations we painted the revels of Jack Frost, the tingling of the bells on the reindeers and sleigh, and old Santa himself creeping down the chimney into the fireplace with a bag full of untold wonders. But that period of glimmering fancy has forever passed away, and with it the paramount joys of childlike anticipation. We now comprehend the true significance of Christmas, the commemoration of the birth of One who was a friend.

When we pack up our grip next week and start homeward, let us resolve to live the significance of Christmas. First of all, let us befriend someone and offer to them a breath of Christmas cheer. And then let us not forget to do some kind deed to some one who has not been as fortunate as we ourselves. Bundle up a part of your luxurious roast, gather some fruit—apples, an orange and a banana—and a bagful of nuts and candies, and carry it around the block to that old widow whose home you have passed so often. You will leave her home with a greater feeling of joy and ecstasy than you have ever known, and you will begin to live in the spirit of Christmas.

May your vacation bring you back happy and refreshed!

The Mirror

We must give credit where credit is due. Sometime ago, when certain authorities were passing thru our precincts looking over things in general in and about the college, two phases of college work received especial commendation. It was their confidential opinion that they had never found the business books and records of a college in better condition than those kept by Mr. Barnhart, the agent of our finance committee. Also, the system of our registrar, Prof. Grimm, was declared faultless and unexcelled, ranking high in efficiency above that of the average college and university. These decrees come from men who are experts in college administration and who travel about all the time from college to college, coming in contact with institutions far and wide, and hence men who should know.

* * *

The past few years have seen a wonderful and varied presentation of plays, sketches and dramas. Truly, we may say that this portion of our collegiate activities has developed by leaps and bounds and has sprung from nothing into an important potentiality in our school. Consider the Junior plays, the Senior plays, the society plays and sketches, the Glee Club skits, and the May Day performances. We are to be commended in the first place on having sponsored such growth and also for having in our faculty professors with enough leadership to bring about these results. But, to our mind, there is one unfortunate situation which has developed, which will not be conducive to any greater successes and endeavors in the future. We may be mistaken, but we are under the opinion that the leadership in dramatics is a question at loggerheads. Should this be the case, we regret it very much. What we students want to see is that department of our faculty working together in unison and harmony, and that if misunderstanding does exist, it shall be cleared up for the sake of dramatics and the school.

* * *

Though we have had a hard luck season

in football, as far as rolling up victories are concerned, those of us who have cavorted about the campus for a number of years have not failed to notice at least one difference in athletic conditions. It seemed that, during the past few years, a spirit of dissension existed between the coaches and the players coming as a result of various causes. These silent prejudices—oftimes not so silent—of the athletes against their directors did much to undermine the morale of the team, resulting in subsequent failure. Many of us attributed it to the lack of leadership on the part of our coaches in maintaining order, discipline and respect. We may have been right, but we are not arguing that point. We do want to say, however, that we are more than pleased to note that this condition did not exist this year under the regime of Coach Wilder. We know that he had the utmost confidence of the men, and their everlasting respect. We would like to have him back next year if possible.

* * *

We have noticed that our library has been receiving comparatively few student visitors this year. As "students" we have a golden opportunity of becoming acquainted with hundreds of valuable books and writings, but like all golden opportunities that grow around our door, we fail to see and make use of them. A little investigation on our part will reveal that we have a fine assortment of popular magazines, in addition to the classics mentioned above, and what's more we have excellent trained service. The tale comes down thru the years from the ancient past that the library used to serve as a cozy rendezvous for romantic Romeos and Juliets—minus the balcony. Who's the poor boob that says that history repeats itself?

Hiser—Gee, I had an awful dream last night. I dreamed I was in heaven.

Bachman—Did you see me there?

Carl—Yes; that's how I knew it was a dream.

Our Short Story

ANOTHER WISE MAN

By Ethel Lehman

Brrr! howled the wind, as it swept through the New York subway, causing the few lone pedestrians to draw their collars up more closely about their chins, and dig their fists deeper into the pockets of their heavy ulsters. Only those driven by necessity would dare venture out on such a night, for it was a real December blizzard, with a raging northwest wind, made more bitter by a sheet or sharp sleet, which bit into the flesh like thousands of sharp needles.

But even more bitter than the biting sleet, if that is possible, more cold than the ice which glazed the smooth, white pavements, were the thoughts of Stanley Burke, as he bravely lowered his head to the storm, pressing his way through the raging elements on his way from his office to the club where he usually dined. The very bitterness of the night made him scorn the service of a taxi, while the fact that few would venture out in such a storm made him all the more eager to combat it. Then, too, an anguished soul oftentimes finds consolation and peace in the turbulency of a December storm, seldom found elsewhere. So it was with Stanley Burke. What did he know of the wailing storm, as he battled his way uptown toward the cheerful club-rooms, looking neither to right nor to left, nor pausing even for a moment.

Once within the club, he removed his great-coat, muffler and cap, giving them to a waiting bell-hop, and made his way to a sequestered nook of the dining room. He always dined alone.

Stanley Burke was a man who would attract attention anywhere. Of medium height, lithely built, with an easy grace of manner and assurance which portrayed his absolute self-containment. His dark hair was closely cropped, and brushed back smoothly, so as to reveal a broad, white forehead, marred only by a stern line furrowed between the eyes. It was

these same eyes which caught you, held you and proved your enigma. One could not tell whether they were grey or whether they were blue, but it is certain that they were baffling. Cold, calculating, steady and penetrating, never revealing an emotion and yet hinting of a great depth of hidden feeling. His closed lips marked a foreboding line above a determined chin, forming altogether an expressionless mask, but for the eyes. Remove them, and this face would be an ideal mask, perfect in every feature; a face children might fear, men could respect, and women would admire.

Tonight, although the dining-room was nearly filled with business men, like himself there for dinner, he did not glance at anyone, recognizing only a few almost immediate to his table with a perfunctory nod.

A waiter approached him, grinning from ear to ear, and greeted him: "Jus' two moah weeks till Christmas, suh, an' deed suh, this all suah am Christmas weathah; I 'spect you all will be mighty happy to spend Christmas day at home, won't you, suh?" Thus ending, the darky disappeared with his order.

"Two weeks until Christmas!" exclaimed Stanley Burke with a start, then, recovering, quickly fell back into his usual calm. "Go home for Christmas." For a second a scornful smile passed over his features. It was just fifteen years ago that his father, in a fit of passion, had turned him out of home and family, as a result of a boyhood prank. He was only sixteen, a hot-tempered, impetuous lad, full of life, and his father could not understand him, nor the thoughtless scrape which for a time disgraced him. Too proud to plead, he left a broken-hearted mother, a repentant but stubborn father, and the home which had sheltered him, and faltered forth into a friendless world. By sheer grit and determination to be a success and show his father his mistake in condemning him, he had steadily progressed in the business world, until now

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Our Special Features

FIT'S TRAVELING EXPERIENCES

V. Washington

Washington was discovered by the father of our grate country, and the extinguished propagander of the cherry tree. He named Pennsylvania Avenoo after Pennsylvania because he couldnt name it before it and because he liked the keystone state as people mostly do.

The city of Washington is not in a state. It is in a district, so named from the fact that all counties are divided into school districts, and all schools are strict. I was in Washington during the war. Most of Washington was in the lock-up at the time. That is, it was mostly locked up, but they say that they have turned it out again. They have a grate monument in Washington erected to the memory of George Washington. He must of had a grate memory. They take you up on a dumb waiter. I rode up an walked down to save the excitement. From the top the mitey Potomack looks like it was trying to hide, and from the bottom it looks like it would fall on you in many directions, so I took no risks apart from the ride and the walk.

As you may of heard, the White House is in Washington. It is called that because we have always had a white president, and he lives there until he expires his office, except when he is not at home.

The Library of Congress is all gold but the books and the eddifiss. Congress does not meet in the library but in the capitol. The capitol is a very good place. It has wings but they havent flopped yet. The Congress runs the govermint which gets in the money and the dollar mint which sends it out, but the patent offis has not yet given them a copywrite for their perpetule moshun.

When I was in Washington I saw our noble vice-president. That does not mean president of vice, but president against it. I heard him give a valuable remark. He said in substans "If you cant keep still in the gallery you can get out". It was a

very timely remark, and quite a few did both. I was a reprezitive in Congress when I was down. I reprezented the Sandy Bottom Grammar School Literary Society Union of our dependant district, for the fiskle year of A. D. 1919. I brought back a very comforting report to my constituency.

Washington is full of typewriters, of two different kinds,—the mechanical and thehuman. They have mechanical ones at last that make almost no noise. Wonders will never cease.

They have a grate union station in the city. It is a grate place to sleep when the hotels are full and you are not. Non-union men use it sometimes too.

Yours notoriously,

DAVID FIT.

AS WE SEE YOU

Dignity is supposedly a fine attribute in a man of importance. However, there are some people who acquire the dignity and neglect the importance. For instance, a tall gentleman whom we all know was recently mistaken for a member of the faculty by a new Freshman—the ordinary observer would think he were the president. Ego plays a small but important part in his make-up—a part which he rarely gets beyond. But, I daresay, you can't blame the man for these little faults in the light of the fact that, in his way, he is a striking looking chap with his black hair and eyes and even his diminutive mustache.

But since "the mind is the standard of the man", I suppose we should judge him accordingly. One professor at least has unbounded faith in his integrity, for he was entrusted with the honor of conducting several exams. Besides, I believe that he is expected to some day become famous in the realm of histrionics, his specialty being English noblemen. And let us hope that when he has attained said fame that we shall have forgotten the before-mentioned shortcomings.

Our Poet's Corner

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES

Have you heard the tale of two cities renowned from the end to the end of the earth?

How the one is so poor and so dingy and wrecked and the friend of famine and dearth?

How the other is beautiful, fair to the eye and unknown to the ravage of need?

How the distance is great twixt these cities of men, and how hard is the journey indeed?

How the city of Saying is easy to reach and the millions have pilgrimed there,

And the highways of traffic are constantly filled by the sea, on the land, in the air; But the city of Doing is hid in the hills of a country far, far away;

And the journey there's slow and rugged and rough and it takes travellers many a day!

From the city of Saying there's no royal road to the city of Doing, my friend, For there're high mountain ranges and meadows of marsh and deserts and plains without end;

And no trains can connect, no aeroplanes reach the city of beauty so rare;

And the science of men can never learn how to send wireless messages there!

And now when you come to the city of Saying don't stop contentedly there,

For though long be the distance ahead of you yet, keep on to the city so fair;

The travellers are few who finish the trip: if you want to get there you can!

For the city of Saying is easy to reach, but to Dooin's the trip of a man!

THIS IS OUR PRAYER

To see the other fellow's need,

To help it as best we can;

To serve as only men know how,

To strive to be the man;

To guide some soul that's gone astray,

To see the path that thou hast trod,

To do some kindly deed each day:

This is our prayer, O God.

TO MY PET TREE

How do you feel, old tree, today:

Barren and shorn, nigh forgot, alone;

Stripped of your leaves, though they wanted to stay;

Forsook by the birds who so late have flown?

So short the while since the dome of blue

Held in the warmth of the friendly sun;

So fleet the years that have made you old.

Mayhap but a few, and your day is done.

What do you think of this cold, cold world

That sees no beauty within your veil;

That loves the shade of your balmy leaves,

But forgets their kindness the hour they fail?

The autumn winds and the winter frosts Are not so cruel, nor half untrue

As the friends who love you and then forget

That you gave them shade when their skies were blue.

Have you no friends but the winter and me?

Ah! You can weather earth's cold rebuff, Like a monarch majestic, so mighty and firm,

Though the winds may howl and the waves be rough!

Will you bloom again, though they've nigh forgot—

The birds, and the sun from his throne so high—

When the winter-shroud floats in mist away,

To ride o'er your head in the springtime sky?

—Carl W. Hiser.

"To what do you attribute your great success?" asked the city visitor of Grandpa Eben Hoskins.

"I can't say yit," answered grandpa, cautiously. "They's several patent-medicine fe'lers dickerin' with me."

Athletics

THE SUSQUEHANNA GAME

After a rest of one week our gallant football warriors journeyed to Sunbury for the Turkey Day contest with Susquehanna University. Nearly all of those on the injured list had recovered, thus the team was in fine condition, all primed and set to bring back the scamp of the Susquehanna tribe. The team was given a rousing send-off by the student body in a big mass meeting held Tuesday night. The representatives of the school by the "Quittie" certainly felt as never before that the student body were supporting them one hundred per cent.

Thursday morning on the early train the warriors left for the camp of the "Susquies". The journey was one of little incident. It was long and tiresome, for it took over three hours to make the trip. As one watched them on the journey it could be seen that determination to win was written on the faces of all. The day was one not at all ideal for football. Nevertheless, the game was to be played, for at 2:30 more than 3000 people had gathered for the game. The whistle indicating the start of the game was blown. However, it was observed that of the three officials only one was Central Board authorized—the others were alumni or supporters of the "Susquie" tribe. However, the game began. Our men kept the ball three-quarters of the time in the enemies' territory. But every time they threatened to score the official found some unauthorized reason to penalize them and force them back.

In the third quarter, after our line had held them for downs, they were forced to punt. Cohen caught the ball on the four-yard line, and in attempting to round one of the opposing players who threatened to tackle him, slipped on the wet field and fell near the goal line. The unjust officials asserted that since he was tackled near or on the goal line, the ball was to be considered over, and a safety scored for the "river tribe". This, however, was an unavoidable accident, and the field in the wet condition prevented this from going as was expected. For our men during the entire game had registered nineteen downs to "Susquehanna's" three. They showed

their superiority in every department of the game. On the defense the line was a stone wall impregnable by any of the visitor's plays. But the officials were against us and the team was unjustly treated.

In the fourth quarter they were determined to retaliate for the unjust decision just registered against them a few minutes before, and by using only straight football they went down the field thirty yards for a touchdown. For it was on the third down within the ten-yard line that Behman carried the ball over. But the officials declared that one of the ends was in action before the ball was in play therefore the team had to suffer a penalty of five yards. On the next play Metoxin tried for a field goal, which the officials declared also bad, and thus the game ended. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; two for them and six for us." But the officials take the six, leaving zero.

Thus our football season ended on one of the wettest Thanksgiving Days in history. Our team is to be commended for the brilliant record made by them against colleges much larger and stronger in athletics than we are. Keeping in training and team work were two of the great essentials which aided our team to make this fine showing. Mr. "Stubby" Wilder, our coach, deserves much praise and glory for the season's work.

THE SCRUBS

While the varsity was battling against weather, officials, and the team of Susquehanna at Sunbury, the Scrubs were playing a game against Lancaster High School. The "Red Rose" City this year has surprised all towns by the splendid showing made by their High School team. Thus our Scrubs faced by far the strongest team they played this season. The game had hardly begun before one of our players, Frances, the quarterback, was injured and compelled to retire from the game. This somewhat seemed to slacken their pace. However, they made a very credible showing, altho the score was 33-0 against them. In a letter later received by the Graduate Manager from the authorities of Lancaster High School they expressed their extreme satisfaction with the manner in

THE CRUCIBLE

which our boys conducted themselves. They said that our team was composed of gentlemen in every respect, and that they were sorry for the accident which Mr. Frances incurred. Therefore, although our team tasted defeat, we can rejoice that they acted like men, and certainly deserve full credit for their untiring efforts this year. It might be truthfully said that not a few of them will be on the varsity next year.

ANNUAL CLASS GAME—SOPHS-FROSH

The annual inter-class game between the SOPHS and FROSH was played on the athletic field Saturday, Dec. 3. It must be said that this was by far the best inter-class game of football played since the days of '16. As is always the case, both teams were out determined to win or die in the attempt. From the line-up it seemed as though the Sophomores would have little difficulty in winning by a comparatively good score. But as the game progressed indications showed that the Sophs had somewhat underestimated their opponents of green. The game began with the Frosh kicking off. Homan, the mainstay of the Soph team, received the ball, and then the grande' march for a touchdown began. However, penalties for holding, slugging, etc., kept the Sophs from scoring. The Frosh put up quite a clever resistance, and played good football. Thus with the ball still in possession of the conquering Sophs the quarter ended.

At the beginning of the second quarter the Sophs took it over for the first touchdown of the game. Ferd. Beck failed to add the additional point. The Sophs again received the kickoff and started down the field for a touchdown. It seemed as though they had at last solved the Frosh and had them on the run. But about five yards from the goal line the Frosh held the Sophs. The half ended with the ball in the Sophs possession on the Frosh one yard line. During this second quarter Beck was injured again and had to retire from the game.

This seemed to give the Frosh added zeal, for the Frosh started on a march down the field. They finally took the ball over for a touchdown. Wuenschinski kicked the goal. The score was then 7-6, favor the Frosh. In the last quarter it was nip and tuck from beginning to end. If the Frosh could hold the veteran Soph team

the game was won for them, whereas the Soph team was determined to score. The Sophs near the middle of the quarter lost the ball to the Frosh on the Frosh thirty-five yard line. But they in turn held the Frosh for downs. Grumbine punted a pretty one, Homan signaled for a "free catch" but was tackled near the centre of the field. The Frosh were thus penalized fifteen yards. This seemed to give them new impetus and determination. They started down the field. On a long forward pass, Homan to P. Wolfe, they made thirty yards. After three plays on straight football they took it across for the third and last touchdown of the game. Homan added a point by kicking the goal. Score, 13-7. The game was hotly contested and well played, with the Veteran Sophs coming out on top.

BASKETBALL OUTLOOK

With five of last year's letter men back on the job, our prospects for a successful quintet are extremely bright. Among the new men who have reported aside from Captain Cohen, R. Homan, H. Homan, W. Wolf and B. Wolfe are Perry, Clarkin, Stabley, Metoxin, Krause, Musser and Wuenschinski. Every indication points to a successful team. Mr. Joseph Hollinger, the coach, has had considerable experience in the game. While at L. V. he was considered one of the best centres in the smaller colleges. Thus under his tutelage the students and alumni may look for one of the best teams in years. Following is the schedule which Manager J. Russel Bowman, assisted by the Graduate Manager, has arranged:

December 9—Lebanon Independents, at Lebanon.

December 14—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.

January 6—Villanova at Lebanon.

January 13—Juniata at Huntingdon.

January 14—State College at State College

January 19—Gettysburg at Annville.

January 20—Susquehanna at Selinsgrove.

January 21—Bucknell at Lewisburg.

February 10—Georgetown at Washington.

February 11—Gallaudet at Washington.

February 14—Juniata at Annville.

February 18—Susquehanna at Lebanon.

February 23—Drexel at Philadelphia.

February 24—Villanova at Villanova.

March 4—Penn Junior Varsity at Lebanon

March 8—Lafayette at Easton.

March 11—Moravian at Lebanon.

Alumni Notes

We have received a letter from Prof. Edgar C. Hastings, member of last year's graduating class, who at the present time is teaching in the Boys' Department of the Mid-Pacific Institute, Mills School, Honolulu, Hawaii. Mr. Hastings is having a unique experience, and it gives us pleasure to print part of his letter, which follows:

It was with great pleasure that I received my first issue of the Crucible. I was very much pleased with the make-up of the paper, and I am inclosing one dollar and seventy-five cents for my subscription. I would suggest that you send a copy to Judge Huber, who is a graduate of L. V., and also a letter, asking for a subscription. He asked me about it, and I told him I would write to you. Mr. Huber is the United States District Attorney, and has a very high standing in the community. His address is simply Honolulu, Hawaii.

I was very much pleased to hear about football prospects, and will follow the fortunes of the team with great interest. I was tickled to death to hear of the Georgetown score, and hope the team keeps up the good work.

Everything seems to have started off with a bang at L. V., and my only regret is that I cannot be back to visit the old school, which holds so many pleasant memories. One can only appreciate college after he leaves it and launches out into the cold, cruel world, and comes to realize with Webster that it is "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish."

Now to answer a few questions which are probably in your mind concerning Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands:

(a) Hawaii does not belong to China or Japan. It is a regular territory of the U. S. A.

(b) People wear clothing except when taking a bath. They do partly disrobe at night time and when taking a dip at Waikiki beach.

(c) All are required to wear bathing suits on the beach.

(d) Hawaii is not in the China Sea.

(e) Grass skirts are mostly seen in curio shops.

(f) Pineapples do not grow on trees.

(g) Hawaiian policemen wear shoes.

(h) Editors do not take bananas in payment for subscriptions.

(i) Skirts are not very far below the Frisco N'Yawk standards, which you will have to admit is something.

Laying all jokes aside, this is a great country out here, and all that the tourist circulars have claimed it to be. We are having May weather now. One can swim, play tennis, baseball, football and basket ball to his heart's content. The scenery is beyond description. It's great to go down to Waikiki Beach and take a plunge in the surf.

My work is very interesting. As you probably know, I am teaching English composition to the freshmen and sophomore classes. The boys and girls are almost without exception of Oriental parentage. The problem of discipline can hardly be said to exist. Next year I hope some L. V. graduates will see their way clear to come out to the Islands. Any who are interested in doing so, write to me immediately.

* * *

We are collecting the catalogues of the college and are having them bound in several volumes for future reference. To date we have succeeded in collecting sufficient of the catalogues of the earlier years of the college to make up a complete set of the catalogues from the time of its founding to the present day. It is earnestly desired to obtain a few of the missing numbers. We should like to have two copies of the preliminary catalogue of the summer of 1866, two copies of the catalogue of the school year 1890-1891, one copy of the catalogue for 1894-1895, two copies for 1901-1902, one copy for 1902-1903, and one copy of 1903-1904.

We shall be gratified if the readers of this article who may have preserved any of the above numbers will send them to the college office at an early date. If there be others who read this article and do not have any of the numbers desired but who know where they may be obtained, we shall be equally delighted to have them advise us where they may be had.

Prof. S. O. Grimm, Registrar, L. V. C.

College Activities

KALO NOTES

The chess and checker tournaments for 1921 were held December 1st and 2nd, in Kalo Hall. There were five entries in Chess and ten entries in Checkers, both good percentages for these games in a school of this size. The winner of the championship medal for 1921 in Chess was Heber R. Mutch, of Reading, who came off with a clear record of 100%. The winner of the second prize was J. Oswald, of Lebanon, 66.6%; with Raymond Hutchinson, of Paradise, a close third. The winner of the championship medal in Checkers for 1921 was C. Emory Riedel, of Dallastown, with a record of 88.9%. The second place was tied between Dana Dunnick and Warren Kreider, Dunnick finally winning second prize. Mr. Kreider deserves honorable mention, being the only one to score against Riedel, and if he had not lost to Leber, he would have had a chance at first prize instead of second. The fourth man was Charles Leber, with a percentage of 66.7%. First prize was a championship medal, in these respective games, the second prize, a watch chain. After the Checker Tournament, refreshments were served to players and visitors, and so ended the championship tournaments for 1921, the Tournament Committee having done all in its power to make conditions as fair as possible. Anyone ambitious for title has, of course, privilege of challenging these champions.

THE GOSSARD'S ENTERTAIN

Sometimes the turkey arrives before Thanksgiving. On the Tuesday before this particular day, all those who were lucky enough to be faculty had their full share of it, and all the good times that accompany it at the Gossards. A game dinner where the eaters were game,—that was the faculty's Thanksgiving feast.

Of course, at such a dinner, as only the Gossard's can give, many and long were the courses. Among the many palatable foods were oyster cocktails, celery and ol-

ives, turkey (the real old fashioned kind we used to get at grandma's' long ago), peas, potatoes, salads, "good ole mince pies," nuts, mints and the usual cafe.

Following the dinner, games of all sorts were engaged in, while that of most comment,—Shadow Pictures—shadows of real, active folks, thrown upon the screen, as described by a prominent faculty member—they were a "scream".

Another feature of the evening's entertainment was a pantomime of "Old Mother Hubbard"—taking the guests back to their childhood's days. Miss Adams, in character of Old Lady Hubbard, and little Mary Gossard, as the little dog, were delightful, and their acting could not be improved upon.

At a very late hour—"for faculty"—all returned home, more convinced than ever that the Gossards certainly can entertain. The only objection the students have is the fact that we cannot all be scrub faculty—and be invited next year.

DELPHIAN NOTES

The Delphian Society held its first literary programme on Friday evening, December 2. The programme as rendered follows: Devotional exercises; Inaugural Address, by the President, Miss Meta C. Burbeck; reading, by Rachel Heindel; Past, Present and Future of Delphian Literary Society by Esther Singer; Piano Solo, by Helen Hostetter; sketch, by Francis Durbin and Anna Long; "Oracle," by Kathryn Kratzert.

The loyal girls of Delphian were well pleased with the first society meeting, and are determined to make their organization a credit to themselves and the institution. A hearty invitation is extended to all the co-eds.

Mr. Kreider, sternly—Rodney, where were you last night?

Rodney—Oh, riding around with some fellows.

Mr. Kreider—Well, tell 'em not to leave their hair pins in the car.

Christian Organizations

THE Y. W.

The Y. W. is doing things. The week of Nov. 14-20 being prayer week, the Y. W. C. A. conceived the idea of having prayer at 12 o'clock noon rather than at gathered prayer meetings, thus reaching all who ate in dining hall. A leader was chosen each day to offer a three minute prayer. Monday, Wednesday and Friday were devoted to prayers for our student friends in Europe, and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Disarmament, while Sunday was devoted to general conditions at L. V.

To show that we are awake and in interest to outside world, the students informed themselves on the Disarmament question, and took a vote, thus sending a telegram to Sec. Hughes stating that L. V. favored Disarmament.

The meetings are interesting and educational, and are proving a success. Miss Balsbaugh led a delightful Thanksgiving service. An unusual meeting was held last Sunday, when we turned Y. W. over to the Freshmen, and the upper classmen sat back with folded hands to appreciate the Freshmen's viewpoints.

Sacrifice Day proved quite successful, and a willing spirit was shown among the girls to sacrifice and give to others who are not as fortunate as we Americans.

Many good things have come to us thru the medium of the Thursday morning hour, but it is doubtful if anything impressed us more and appealed to our better manhood and womanhood any stronger than the two addresses given us at our last session by the two evangelists, Mr. Mercer and Mr. Hadley. Both of these men have travelled the gauntlet of marvelous experiences, and their conversions to a life of right thinking, right doing and right believing seem nothing short of miraculous. The former, a college man, an athlete, coming from a family of the finest traditions, descended to the pit of earth's hell before his reclamation. His story reads like a novel and carries with it the convincing power of what practical

Christianity can do for a man. Mr. Hadley, too, went astray during his first years at college, and today he stands wrecked physically and mentally, although clean morally and spiritually. It occurred to some of us during their talk just how the scientific atheists of our country would attempt to explain away such facts from anything but contributable to Christianity.

The appeal made by Mr. Willard, chairman of the Student Fund Committee, in Chapel last Thursday morning, opened the campaign for relief to students in foreign lands and particularly in central Europe, where the need at this time is being keenly felt. All the schools and colleges of the land are joining in this drive, giving large and substantial pecuniary assistance. Surely Lebanon Valley College shall want to do its share and do it with a real spirit of benevolence. It presents to us an opportunity to do that kind turn which we have resolved upon for this Christmas season.

Two years ago a precedent was established when a Christmas service was arranged for and held by the students in the chapel, at which time a fitting program was rendered. The idea met with much popularity, and was repeated last year. A joint committee of the Y. M. and Y. W. has been appointed to plan for another meeting to be held one night near the beginning of the Christmas vacation. Miss Adams has been consulted and a fitting tableaux is being arranged for the occasion.

YOUNG MAN, TAKE WARNING

My wife is my boss, I shall not deny it. She maketh me to lie down behind the bed, when swell company cometh. She restor-eth my pocket book after she hath spent its contents for theatre tickets and hobble skirts. Yea, tho I walk thru the night with the baby I cannot comfort it, and I receiv-eth no rest. Her milliner and dressmaker bills shall follow me all the rest of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of my mother-in-law forever.

Our College

\$30,000 FOR LEBANON VAL. COLLEGE **From the United Enlistment Movement of** **the United Brethren Church**

In harmony with the action of the General conference of the United Brethren Church held in Indianapolis, Indiana, last May, the Board of Administration, at its meeting in Dayton, Ohio, last week, among other things, fixed the amount of money the general departments and educational institutions should receive for the year 1922-1923 from the funds collected by the United Enlistment Movement.

I was pleased to be present at this important meeting to represent Lebanon Valley College.

To my mind, the colleges were quite fairly treated. Lebanon Valley will receive \$30,000 for current operating expenses for the year beginning September 1, 1922.

This will prove a tremendous help, and enable us to do many things which we could not do in the past. Certainly the college will be more efficient and every student and member of the faculty will share in the greater opportunities and achievements.

This amount will in all probability be continued annually until the endowment fund is much larger.

The colleges are given the privilege of putting on campaigns for endowment, debt and enlargement at any time after November 1, 1922.

Lebanon Valley will be sure to take advantage of this opportunity, and will likely fix as a goal an amount somewhere between \$400,000 and \$800,000.

This will certainly challenge the faith and works of the constituency, but judging from our campaign of 1917-1918, when almost \$400,000 was pledged, I feel sure that we can more than duplicate that effort.

We are grateful to the Board of Administration for this splendid help.

DR. G. D. GOSSARD,
Pres. L. V. C.

\$16,000 FOR LEBANON VALLEY **COLLEGE FROM THE** **GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD**

The General Education Board of New York City, through one of its secretaries, Mr. Trevor Arnett, officially informed me that it had authorized its officers to contribute \$8,000 a year for two years, beginning July 1, 1921, toward increases in the salaries of the professors in Lebanon Valley College.

It gives me great pleasure to make the above announcement to all readers of the Crucible and friends of the college. Truly this is a godsend, and comes at a time when we are straining every nerve to strengthen the faculty, make necessary repairs and improvements, and build up an adequate endowment fund.

The members of the faculty have never been properly paid for the services rendered, but inspired with a love for their work of properly training the young, and with a determined loyalty to the institution, they have labored and waited, knowing that, sooner or later, help would come from outside friends and also at a time when our constituency would be doing its full share.

Teachers are human, and their needs must be met if they are expected to do their best. When salaries are too small, when bills are hard to pay, when touring trips are out of the question and summer courses can not be taken for lack of funds, certainly the professor suffers and his students suffer with him.

Naturally, we are greatly pleased and our hearts go out with sincerest thanks to the General Education Board for this splendid gift. It means not only so much money, but aside from the immediate help that it brings, it will inspire others to sacrifice and give more, and will impel all to a determined effort to increase the efficiency of the college.

This splendid Board is exerting a tremendous influence for good, as it helps colleges to help themselves, and it justly

(Continued on Page 20)

Humor

Ice

He was discharged two days before he expected to be. He had written to his wife to expect him on the 10th of the month. So he wanted to surprise her. He got off the train carrying his little grip. As he walked up the tree-shaded streets to his home he heaved a sigh of inexpressible relief. No longer would he have to bow and scrape before his officers. No longer would he have to do such onerous work as "K. P." And, best of all, he would see his dear little wife, the girl he had married only some eight months ago, when he thought he was going overseas.

Yes, he was actually going to see his dear little wife! His heart beat faster. His step quickened as he neared his home.

He opened the gate. Wishing to surprise his wife, he walked around the back door. Putting his suitcase on the back porch, he noiselessly opened the kitchen door. There was his wife bending over the stove trying to light the fire. He walked up to her. Her back was to him. He said nothing, wishing to surprise her. He put his arms around her, and kissed her gushily on the back of the neck.

"Put 200 pounds in the box, dear," she said.

Russel Shadel—A man dropped forty feet into a barrel of scalding water and wasn't even burned.

Heindel—Well, isn't that funny. How did it happen, anyhow?

Shadel—They were pigs feet.

An old couple in Glasgow were in a very depressed state owing to dull trade.

Thinking their son in America would help them, they wrote, stating their trouble, and that if he did not help them they would have to go to the poorhouse. Three weeks passed and then came a letter from their son, saying:

"Dear Mither and Faither—Just wait gang wi' ye. Your affectionate son."—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Wrong Setting

The candelabra glowed a glare
Upon her soft, elusive hair,
And shone profound affection where—
They sat.

The lad requested but one kiss
From the aforesaid little miss.
"Now don't refuse," he said, "for this—
Or that."

"By these little lights above you
I adore you, little dove you."
She replied: "I cannot love you—
Here!"

The teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle, "just over".

One bright afternoon she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an "eponge pour la bain," but did not know what to ask for.

"Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug store.

A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely.

"Please," she said, smiling. "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

Why Not?

His arm, it slipped around her waist—

Why shouldn't it?

Her head, it dropped against his breast—

Why shouldn't it?

Her heart it gave a tender sign—

Why shouldn't it?

Her hat pin stuck him in the eye—

Why shouldn't it?

Weik—Where do the jelly fish get their jelly from?

Dando—From the ocean currents.

Miller—Your collar is dirty, Baron. Why don't you turn it over.

Ressler—Do you think a collar has three sides?

THE CRUCIBLE

INTER-CLASS ATHLETICS

Since the great college game has been dropped for another year, all eyes are centered on the Indoor sports. Basketball, Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball, etc., are receiving maximum attention. The director of athletics, in order to create more interest in the games, and also to stimulate class activities, has arranged for all to take part in the games. At a recent meeting of the Seniors it was decided to have a class basketball team. Both the upper classes will present good strong line-ups. It will be remembered two years ago how the Seniors then tried to cinch the League championship. With that to stimulate them, the games will be exceedingly interesting. They will be played at four in the afternoon, so that all can attend. It is expected that nearly every student this year will indulge in one of the indoor sports. Thus each one will attempt to develop along the four lines and become a symmetrical, well-rounded product.

WHERE ARE YOU LOOKING?

(Continued from Page 5)

a vision of hope and determination and confidence, the other with a spirit of dull barrenness and discouragement and hopelessness. The gaze of the one ran on, on, on to the end of space. His imagination took wings to lands where his vision could not journey. His was the hope of the fulfillment of dreams! His was the yearning to go and do! The gaze of the other ran down into the deep restless waters below him. There he saw only foreboding, disaster, misfortune. And the waters breathed a breath of death! How many were the bodies of men encased in the tombs of the sea!

I was convinced that a great deal—if not all—depends upon the viewpoint, the vision of a man—depends upon what he sees, what he dreams, what he hopes for. You can't travel the Road to Success by watching your feet—you must look up and on.—Editor.

Armand—How do you tell the age of a turkey?

Cynthia—By the teeth.

Armand—But a turkey has no teeth.

Cynthia—But I have.

THE CLIONIAN ANNIVERSARY

Faith now and can ye imagine the nerve of some people? The women folks had the nerve to not invite me to the Clionian Anniversary, so I had just as much nerve as them and invited myself. Perhaps the folks don't know that there is an Irishman at Lebanon Valley College who takes the title of Casey to bed with him every night if not oftener.

How the somever, you can't keep a guy like Casey from having a good time, so I parked my carcass in the balcony; and seeing as I was dead broke at the time, I proceeded to have some fun at the expense of those ducks as toted the fairer sex to the affair. It rained everything from bay rum to pennies on the congregation below.

So I sez to myself, sez I: "Casey, ye got to hev a good time or bust, and ye ain't bustin'." So I started to enjoy the program as best I could. Everything went on perfectly until the program commenced, and then it went better. To my estimation, the program as a whole was well rendered, and those parts that deserve special commendation were the parts directly before the beginning and right after the ending of the program.

The play coming to think of it was the most splendiferous affair that I have layed eyes upon since I left my home on Broadway in Cork, Ireland. It was simply magnoshibul to the steenth degree.

After the entertainment was over, I hiked to gym for the refreshments, and believe me thev filled a vacant spot with inaccuracy and let me tell you one thing, Casey didn't go short either.

I had an excellent time except for one little accident, I ate too much supper and I couldn't eat as much ice cream as I ordinarily do, but I had nine helpings at that.

Girls, when is the next Clionian Anniversary? I'm all primed and ready to go.

By CASEY.

Bover, in his Ford, after stopping very quickly to avoid running over Bender—Well, what's the matter? Didn't you hear me honk mv horn.

Bender—Yes, I did, but there's so much hav fever around just now that I was mistaken.

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ANOTHER WISE MAN

(Continued from Page 7)

he was a man of remarkable wealth, ability and influence. Embittered by experience, he had made few friends, shunned companionship, and lived only for financial success and a name in the business world. Go home for Christmas indeed! What was Christmas but a time for foolish sentiment! A time of exchanging useless gifts, of stuffing down rich food, and putting up with dull relatives. Thank heaven! he was free from all that. He was a law unto himself and was under obligation to no man or woman either. What more could any person desire than wealth, influence and freedom. Perhaps happiness,—Bosh! there was—

Here his reflections were interrupted by one of the bell-boys with his evening mail. Glancing through it hurriedly he finally came to the bottom of the pile. What was this! For the first time in all these years, he was gazing upon a copy of his home town paper—"The Meadville Courier." Who had sent it to him? Nobody knew his address; he had not heard from home for years; and now out of the ashes of the past, this dingy little paper must appear just at Christmas time. With a growing presentiment of he knew not what, he tore it open, and glanced hurriedly through its meager columns. Turning to the second page he was startled by these headlines: "Miss Mary Carr Marries the Son of Judge Benford."

Mary Carr, his boyhood sweetheart. Why were these memories pouring in upon him? So she had waited all these years to marry. How well he remembered her. They had been playmates from childhood, and her sweetness and absolute confidence in him had made him her abject slave. How she had wept when he left and declared that she would wait for him forever. He had promised to return, and sealed his promise with a bovisk kiss, vowing as he left, never to forget her. His first ambitions and endeavors were all for her, but as the years rolled by, as his success increased, stubborn pride and bitter resentment restrained him from ever returning to the old town again, and he had quite forgotten her.

Rising from the dining-room table, he sought one of the lounging rooms, and

sank musing into one of its big chairs, with the paper thrown carelessly across his knee. For a long while he sat there motionless, when suddenly his eye was attracted by a marked headline at the bottom of the first page. This was what he read: "Mrs. John Burke seriously ill." His own mother, seriously ill? Eagerly he read on, discovering that she had been lying in a stupor for six weeks, taking scarcely no food, and nothing whatsoever could seem to rouse her.

For the first time in fifteen years Stanley Burke experienced a real emotion. Although cursing himself as a fool, without hesitancy he rose, made his way straight to the night clerk's desk, and sent the following telegram to his father at Meadville, Kentucky. "Am leaving for home tonight. Tell mother I am coming. Your Son." It was then that he received his first feeling of happiness.

The next night as Stanley stepped off the train to the platform of the little station at Meadville he was met by his father. at Meadville he was met by his father. The two men gripped hands, but spoke never a word. Not until they were far out on the road to the old Burke Homestead, could Stanley trust himself to speak, and then it was to ask about his mother. It was then that the secret springs of his father's most inmost soul were opened, and father and son were reunited with a bond that could never again be severed.

How good the lights of the old home looked as he approached it. He could scarcely wait until the sleigh stopped, to leap out and rush up the old familiar steps. Bursting in upon the warmth of the wide hall, he threw his coat and cap over the banister of the open stairway, and then eagerly sought the warm glow of the open fire of the living room. How familiar the dear old place looked; nothing was changed. But who was that coming in by the other door?

Surely this woman, composed, beautiful, with the sweet, low voice, could not be his boyhood sweetheart! He stood motionless, but still she approached him, and spoke softly: "Your mother is sleeping now, for the first time this week, and we may not disturb her. I am so glad you came, because it is going to mean the saving of your mother's life. Although she has never asked for you in words, her

THE CRUCIBLE

eyes have been pleading for you all these long weeks. I could not resist them, and so I sent you the paper. If you had not come, I'd have hated you, although I knew it would be hard for you to return after all these years. You forgive me, do you, for thrusting all this upon you?"

"Forgive you, Mary Carr! I can never repay you for bringing an infinitely selfish man to his senses. It is I who have so much to be forgiven. When I received the paper, it was the announcement of your wedding which first caught my eye and caused me to think, but after I saw the other paragraph I could not stay."

"My wedding," replied Mary. "It was the announcement of my sister's wedding which you read, simply a confusion of names. I have never married, but took up nursing soon after you left us. When I heard of your mother's illness I came to her at once, for I knew she had no one to take care of her, and she had always been such a mother to me. That is all. I knew she needed me, but because she needed you more, I sent for you."

Touched with a tenderness he never dreamed himself capable of feeling, stammering like a truant school-boy, Stanley Burke, man of power, man of influence, a king among men, found himself abashed before the wonder of such a girl. With a voice full of pain, he cried: "That is all, Mary Carr, you say that is all. When I, her only son, have neglected her all these years, just because of foolish pride, and what is more, he continued slowly, "through it I have lost the only woman I have ever loved, because she could never give herself to a man who has been as selfish as I, nor so cruel. I could never ask her to do that, and as I see her now, a beautiful woman, the child I worshiped in my youth is all the more dear to me."

For many minutes after he was through speaking, Mary Carr gazed steadily into the uncertain flames of the fireplace without speaking. Then in a tone so low he had to bend his ear to hear her, she spoke tremulously: "You have revealed your soul to me, Stanley, and I can see how truly repentant you are. A woman is always ready to forgive, and although it was hard to think that you had forgotten me all those years. I had never forgotten you. I said I would never cease loving you, and I never have, although you never came back.

I realized that the bitterness in your heart and your attitude toward life was killing your better self, and yet with the faith of a woman, I knew you would come back to me."

Thus did Mary Carr lay bare her soul to Stanley Burke, and it was many minutes before he could find words to speak to her, for he was greatly moved. Finally he spoke: "I am like the foolish prodigal son who, after tasting of the world's bitterness and disappointments, finally finds true happiness and love waiting for him at the home which he had despised. But I have learned my lesson, and although unworthy—Oh! what's the use? To come home, to find you waiting, to know that you still love me, my dear! Do you wonder that I cannot believe it; that words fail me; that shame blinds me and I can only—"

Here the girl silenced him. Gently placing her hand over his lips, she murmured softly: "No, dear heart, you are not the prodigal son, but rather another wise man, who has brought to us the richest gift he could have found the wide world over,—his own dear self."

Was it human psychology, or was it chance,—who knows? But just then the enraptured stillness of the winter air was broken by the strains of "Joy to the World," sung by an early group of youthful minstrels making their Christmas rounds. And to none did the carol have a more beautiful meaning than to the two lovers standing by the fireplace in the old Burke Homestead.

Little Harold—Mother, won't you give me five cents for a poor man who is out in front crying?

Mother—Yes, my son, here it is; and you are a good boy to think of it. Poor man! What is he crying about?

Little Harold—He's crying, "Fresh roasted peanuts. Five cents a bag."

* * *

Tommy's uncle asked him the name of Mov's young man.

"I call him April Showers," replied Tommy.

"April Showers?" cried his astonished uncle. "Whatever makes you call him such a ridiculous name as that?"

"Because he brings May flowers," Tommy explained.

THE CRUCIBLE

\$16,000 FOR LEBANON VALLEY

(Continued from Page 15)

receives the praise and commendation of all good thinking people.

We will remember with sincerest gratitude the members of the General Education Board who made the contribution, its secretaries, who so courteously received us in their offices, inspected the college and presented our cause, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose benevolence made it a possibility.

This gift does not in any way concern the new campaign for endowment and enlargement which will be put on, in all probability, during the winter of 1922-1923. Of course we will appeal to all our friends in that great effort. The school must and will keep faith with every donor, for they are our real friends.

I shall be pleased indeed to have any of our friends write to the General Education Board, 61 Broadway, New York City, and express appreciation for its splendid contribution.

G. D. GOSSARD,
President Lebanon Valley College.

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